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From the Author
For Mrs Inwin

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THE

PLANTS

A POEM,

CANTOS THE FIRST AND SECOND,

WITH

NOTES;

AND OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY WILLIAM TIGHE, ESQ.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

Two Cantos are here submitted to the Public of a Poem, which may be concluded in two more. The title of the third part, if completed, will be THE VINE; and of the fourth, THE PALM. The object of this attempt is not only to bring together the most remarkable circumstances relative to each Plant, from which the separate Cantos derive their names, and to combine many of the ideas of association, which the review of each subject may naturally awaken, but also to consider THE ROSE as the emblem of LOVE, THE OAK of LIBERTY, THE VINE of FRIENDSHIP, and THE PALM of RELIGION.

The four affections here alluded to seem, either singly or variously interwoven, to occupy and conduct the minds of the more susceptible

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and generous portion of mankind. The influence of the three former usually prevails in the early part of life; and they were, perhaps, designed by Providence to expand and prepare those souls, which do not suffer themselves to be too far perverted by the more selfish passions, for the reception of the last; into which all the views and thoughts of men should resolve, as into their ultimate object and true destination.

Whether the Author has treated with propriety his own plan; or, whether the plan itself was such as merited attention; he leaves to the judgment of those who may think the Poem worth perusal: and, without further comment, consigns to them the first half of an imperfect work, together with a few Occasional Poems, which conclude the volume.

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TO

THE READER.

A Poem, founded on a ground-work not extensive, requires variety of allusion; and as some readers may not be conversant with all the allusions that occur, as those familiar with one species of illustration may be less acquainted with another, while many will more readily seize the Author's idea when the passage, which supplied the hint, is brought to their recollection, it was thought advisable to subjoin some NOTES *to these Cantos: and these notes are separated from the text, that neither the connection of the poetry, nor the progress, nor eye of the reader, may be unnecessarily interrupted; but that he may be at greater liberty to make what use he pleases of the annexed commentary, either by perusing it before or after the Poem; or never, if he deems it useless.*

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In the few passages where the names, either specific or popular, of roses and oaks, are alluded to, it was thought requisite to place a short explanation under the text, that the botanist may recollect, and the reader, who is no botanist, may see the meaning of the allusion. And that all may know, without any trouble, to what passages a further annotation is subjoined, A DOT is prefixed to every line in the text on any part of which there is a comment in the notes: *and the note may instantly be found by turning to the corresponding number of the line.*

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THE

PLANTS.

CANTO I.

THE ROSE.

Πλεξω και φιλερατα ῥοδα. MELEAGER.

Τοδε και μελημα μυθοις,
Χαριεν φυλον τε μουσων. ANACREON.

Γης ισθι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων,
λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αγραπτον. SAPPHO.

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ARGUMENT.

Address to Love, and to the Nightingale.—Subject not new.—The Rose beloved by the Nightingale in Persia and India.—In Paradise, thornless.—Used in idolatrous wreaths, and consecrated to Venus.—Stained by her blood or springing from that of Adonis.—Found in climates, to which Love is propitious.—Cultivated, in Africa, Persia, Campania, Egypt, Greece.—Brought from Syria to Provins.—French Roses.—Found in climates adapted to cultivation, and not in others.—Variety of hues.—Some species more common; others local.—Praise of retirement.—Roses requiring various exposures, and various treatment. Directions for pruning.—Modes of propagation.—Green and black Roses.—Palingenesis.—Beauties of nature accordant to true taste.—Effects of taste.—Contemplation of Providence, in the material world; also, in the formation of the Rose-tree.—Use of its leaves to insects.—The leaf-cutter Bee, or *apis centuncularis*.—Enchanted Roses.—Medical uses.—Story of Milto.—Durability of the essential oil: short existence of the flowers.—Emblems of pleasure.—The form preserved by painting.—Story of Pausias and Glycera.—Dedication; and Conclusion.

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THE

PLANTS.

CANTO I.

THE ROSE.

INSPIRE me, Love, if ever at thy shrine
I bowed, and with thy vernal flowers entwined
My willing brow; inspire me, Love, to sing
Thy favoured plant: and thou, sweet bird of eve,
Companion of the Rose, attend, and teach
My ancient theme to emulate thy song,
Not new, but pleasing to the vacant ear.

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Not mine the vain attempt, to seize a wreath
Unsought before, or, with a novel lay,
Arrest the wood-nymphs in their circling dance.
By Greece, by Persia, and by every muse,
In every clime, adored, thy flower I sing,
Dear bird; o'er whose expanding breast, thou dost
For ever bend in quivering joy, and pour
Thy amorous plaint, where happy Shiraz tends
Her roseate harvest, and, with patient skill,
Where Bactrian or Indian slaves extract
The purer essence, and the scented oil.

I sing thy love, upon whose virgin bough
Thou carolledst in Eden, (ere the bowers
Of Paradise were blasted by the breath
Of sin, or ere the canker pierced the heart
Of thy innocuous paramour, the Rose;)
Nor dreamtst of change; till thorns began to start
And bristle o'er her tender stem; emblems
Of varying pain, whose Proteus forms invest
The buds of pleasure, since the reign of ill

26. *Varying.*—The thorns of the Rose-tree vary both in form and situation.

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Commenced, and universal nature mourned.
Thornless she might have bloomed for ever there,
While endless joy, and pleasure unreproved,
Invited, to those peaceful shades, the choirs
Of Heaven, o'er whose Seraphic heads were hung
Her flowers, combined with everlasting crowns
Of amaranth and blest amaracus.
Then sangst thou joyously, sweet bird of eve,
Long ere the Thracian damsels, or the muse
Of Greece, had weaved thy melancholy tale;
Long ere the fabled goddess from the sea
Had sprung, or Pallas from the front of Jove.

Not such the fading flowers, which after times
Showered on the Grecian Hymen, or which bound
The mystic Maia in her floral car.
Not such the wreaths impure, which zoneless nymphs
Hung on the portals and the perfumed shrines
Of Erycinian Venus. Loud, the choir,
With lute and tabour, and with rapturous peal,
Adored the queen, and, in their songs, proclaimed

29. *Thornless.*—So *Milton* speaks of Paradise, which had,
"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the Rose."

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The Rose, the ensign of her conquering power;
When, to her car triumphal, she had bound
The mighty son of Saturn, and to all
The empyrëal conclave gave new law.
In softer melody, they chaunt the tale
Of Syrian roses, springing from the blood
Of fair Adonis slain; or those, which drank
The glowing drops from the immortal veins
Of her, who, rushing mid the thorny brake
Distracted, hung o'er fair Adonis slain.

Long did ye bloom around the Gnidian fane,
Ye Syrian roses, whom the Idalian Queen
Made regents of her bower; on whom she breathed
Her own sweet breath, and with perfume divine
Endued for ever! Hence, propitious love
The emblem of his fleeting joy beholds
In every clime spontaneous; from the snows
Of *Labrador*, and foggy shores, that skirt
The gulfs of *Hudson*, to the warmer plains,
Where rolls Potowmac his gigantic flood,

65. *Labrador*.—There is a Rose sold under this name by gardeners.

66. *Hudson*.—"The Hudson's Bay Rose," or *Rosa blanda*.

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Where *Pensylvania* breathes the sultry gale,
Or *Carolina* wakes her tardy flowers.

He nor his rites, nor his congenial plant,
From southern, nor from northern skies withdraws:
Not, from the pine-clad isles innumerous,
Mid which in vain was sought a western track
For European plunderers; not, from
The realms of Cathay, where the Tartar sleeps
Inglorious, in a garden shade, and, round
Their gilt pagodas, Chinese matrons rear
In porcelain vase the *ever-blooming* plant.
And still, with *rougher leaf*, the Queen of flowers
Bends down her early blossoms to the maid
Of Niphon, who prefers the buds of love,
Unmindful of the thorn, to all the gay
Attire and honours of the odorous grove:

68. *Pensylvania.*—The Rose called "*Pensylvanian,*" is *Rosa parviflora.*

69. *Carolina.*—*Rosa Caroliniensis* and *Virginiana* of botanists; a *late* blowing plant.—See *Wildenow Species Plantarum.*

78. *Ever-blooming.*—*Rosa semperflorens*; "The Everblowing Rose."

79. *Rougher leaf.*—*Rosa rugosa*; "The Hedge-hog Rose;" which blows *early* in spring.—A native of Japan.

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Less prized, Gardenia drops her lucid bells,
And rich Magnolias close their purple robes.
What though Arabian balm, or brilliant drops
Of Henna, may adorn the beauteous slaves
Of Indostan or Cashmire, prodigal
Of gems and pearl; yet more profuse of sweets
Stolen from the Paphian flower, zenanas pour
Their oils and floating odours o'er the bath.

The Paphian flower, nor wintry *Caucasus*
Abhors, nor Afric: there, o'er chasms abrupt,
Her clustered heads and giant arms are thrown:
Here, where Cyrenè once perfumed the winds,
Beneath their palms Getulian shepherds heap
The *musky* leaves, by fiercer suns prepared;
Of Syrian arts and Persian emulous:
Nor emulous in vain, while Georgian nymphs,
For many a lordly Ottomite, effuse
The essence by Getulian shepherds saved:
Though Persian muses and Arabian chant

92. *Caucasus.*—"The Rose of Caucasus;" *Rosa Caucasica* of gardeners.

97. *Musky.*—*Rosa moschata*; "The Musk-rose."

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The fields of Shiraz and her purple vale.
Who has not heard of Shiraz, and her hills
O'ercrimsoned by a glowing crop? So once
Campania, and luxurious Sybaris,
Bloomed o'er their garden banks, to deck the feasts
Of wanton Rome, ere Pœstum and her groves
Were desolate, her walls in silence wrapt,
And all her Doric columns to the storm
Stood naked. While to the Imperial throne
The cultured Egypt sent her grateful wreaths,
More prized than those of Greece, her rival slave.

Yet, first Arcâdia taught the chosen plant
To bend, in cultivated bowers, her head,
And branches not reluctant: and, to deck
Retreats of Macedonian chiefs, or paths
Of flower-clad Tempe, first Pangæus gave
The *full* luxuriance of his richer buds.
They crowned the festival, or strowed the couch
Of death, or withered on the empty tomb:

119. *Full.—Rosa flore pleno*, or first *double* Rose in cultivation.—The species may be doubtful; though it was probably, "The hundred-leaved."

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With these, at night, the wakeful lover hung
His mistress' portal; and with these, at morn,
Responsive to his opening joy, the nymph
Repaid the ardour of his vows: with these,
The bowl was circled, and the sparkling wine
O'ercast; with these, the odorous table glowed.

From Tempè, or Arcadia's rifled groves,
The novel prize, led forth by foreign swains,
Was reared on Latian hills, to bind the brows
Of Roman epicure, reclined beneath
The interwoven plane, or poplar shade.

Such prize, in after times, a Gallic knight
From Syrian plains and famed Orontes bore,
In triumph, to his kindred nymphs: *Provins*
The stranger cherished with adoptive love;
Though, early known in Latium and in Gaul,
Her sister of *Damascus* reigned secure;
Each rival now, with graces ever new,

135. *Provins.*—See the Note.

138. *Damascus.*—*Rosa Damascena;* "The Damask Rose." See l. 168.

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Labours to fix the maiden's wandering eye.
Nor needed France to seek in distant climes
For flowers, more beauteous, than her native groves,
Of *Champagne*, or of *Meaux*, or *Burgundy*,
Gave freely; with whose softly-mingling hues
The Loves are charmed, and with whose opening buds
The Graces oft their ivory temples bind,
When Cyprian airs invite the glowing dance.

Where'er the human race, in social bands,
Can till the plain, or tend the swelling fruit,
Her plant, the Goddess, whom the seas obey
And teeming shores, hath scattered wide: where'er
The climate cursed forbids the labouring hind
To cull the profits of his healthy toil,
No roses bloom to grace the barren waste,
Blasted by nature, and by man abhorred.
No roses bloom, where Arctic seas invade
The rocks primeval of the frozen world;

143. *Champagne.*—"The Pompone Rose;" called a variety of *Rosa Provincialis*, by *Wildenow*.

Meaux.—Another variety of the same species.

Burgundy.—*Rosa parvifolia*; "The Burgundy Rose."

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Where Proteus' monstrous herd, with horrid yells,
Rush through the tempests of their foul domain:
No roses bloom in Zaara's flying sand,
Nor central Afric, where the lion guards
His blood-stained litter, or the gasping snake,
Rolled in unwieldy masses, licks the dust:
Nor, where the solitary condours wind,
O'er Andes' cloudless snow, their patient flight.

Associate of the human race, in climes
More favoured, breathes the sympathetic flower,
Gallic or *Belgic*, or the *unarmed* plant,
That braves Helvetian storms, or o'er the vale
Hangs ruder shoots from *Pyrenëan* crag:
Here, shall the scented buds, or coloured bark,

168. *Gallic.*—*Rosa Gallica.* "The Gallican or Apothecary's Rose." See l. 395.

Belgic.—This name is usually applied to a variety of "The Damask Rose." *Rosa Damascena.* See l. 138.

Unarmed.—*Rosa alpina*, sometimes called, "The Thornless Rose." It has also been styled *Rosa inermis.*

170. *Pyrenëan.*—*Rosa Pyrenaica*, whose branches are very hispid.

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Mimic the *cinnamon*; here, *pensile* fruits
Droop gracefully; and there, the *villous* leaf
Shade from the rays of noon the thorny germ.

But who shall trace the ever-varying tinge
That paints the glossy petals, or define
The mingling colours, that from virgin white
Glow into purple blushes, and eclipse
The crimsoned splendor of the velvet robe?
Now, with loose streaks, and now, with faint approach,
Vermilion sports with white, now, yellow dyes
Contrast the brighter pink or fading red.

O'er many climes, the scented *eglantine*
Uncultured waves her fragrance, and the *brjar*,

172. *Cinnamon.*—*Rosa cinnamomea*, resembles the cinnamon in the colour and form of its bark, more than in the scent of its flowers. It is a native of the Alps.

Pensile.—*Rosa pendulina*, has long hanging seed-vessels, and is a native of North America: it is unarmed, and sometimes called, "The Thornless Rose."

173. *Villous.*—*Rosa villosa*, a native of Britain, and of the rest of Europe. Its large seed-vessels are usually very prickly, and it is called, "The Apple-bearing Rose."

183. *Eglantine.*—See the Note.

184. *Briar.*—*Rosa canina*; "The Dog-rose." See l. 396.

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With hooked thorns encircled, smiles diffuse
O'er many a tufted hedge or village path.

Less common, to their natal soil attached,
There are, who, on the Median hills apart,
With *simpler foliage* clothe their modest stems,
And bow their golden blossoms to the breath
Of Heaven, unnoticed by the distant world.
Nor does the *Austrian* bramble oft arrest
The eye of devious loiterer. On hills
Remote, nor frequent, the *Hibernian* plant
Courts the rough gales that sweep a northern sky;
And imitates the dame retired, who loves
Her scant and modest home, the rising grove
Her own hand planted, and the plots secure,
Where Daphne, or the gay Azalea, rears

189. *Simpler foliage.*—*Rosa berberifolia;* "The Berberry-leaved Rose." It is sometimes called *Rosa simplicifolia.* See the Note.

192. *Austrian.*—A variety of *Rosa lutea.* Jacquin considers it as a distinct species, and calls it *Rosa bicolor. Hort. Vind.* t. 1.

194. *Hibernian.*—*Rosa Hibernica,* a new species, lately discovered in the North of Ireland, by Mr. Templeton; figured and described in the Transactions of the Dublin Society. It has pear-shaped seed-vessels.

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Its blushing coronet: no dreams by day,
No weary watch by night, disturb the course
Traced by her downy hours, from envy far,
And all the allurements of a syren world.
And such are blessed; to whom the distant roar
And conflict of the earth, no more resounds,
Than do the lashings of the angry main
To anchorites, whose solitary cells
Peer o'er the precipice and pathless rocks
Of Montserrat. Oh happy! who can lead
The docile twigs, and teach the clustering buds
To adorn the summer seat, where solitude
And peace can fearless catch the morning breeze,
And listen to the murmuring stream beneath!
Oh more than happy! whom domestic love
Culls from the restless crowd, for whom he strews
A thornless bed, and shelters from the world!

A few the shade and moister air prefer,
But most the sunny bank. In richer soils
Let, with the musk, the clustered roses feast;
O'er barren steeps let eglantine arise.

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On Scotia's shore her *prickly shrub* inhales
The misty gale, and loves the idle spray,
Which, in her playful mood, fair Amphitrite
Throws o'er the rocky margin of her realm.
The *burnet-leaved* and *pompone* let the shade
Protect; but give the air full liberty
To wave the proud *Batavian*, who, from times
Remote, a noble ancestry asserts,
The boast of courts, and Macedonian bowers,
By Gordius or by Midas consecrate
To orgian revelries: as lovely now
Though common, peeping, with each gentle breeze,
Through cottage casement or o'er rustic pale.

221. *Prickly shrub.*—*Rosa spinosissima*, "The Scotch Rose." A native of the sea-shores of the British islands.

225. *Burnet-leaved.*—Two plants bear this name; *Rosa pimpinellifolia* of Linnæus, now considered a variety of *Rosa spinosissima*; and *Rosa lucida*, of Wildenow, called by gardeners "The Great Burnet-leaved;" the double flowering variety of which is very ornamental, and thrives best in shade.

225. *Pompone.*—See l. 143, and Note.

227. *Batavian.*—*Rosa centifolia*; "The hundred-leaved Rose." See the Note.

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The *Chinese*, freely quaffs the air impure
Of cities; but not so, the *damask* buds,
That, with *successive* chaplets, crown the brow
Of autumn, whom the gale and rural hill
Delight; not so, the daughters delicate
Of India or Japan, with *tapering leaf*,
Or *congregated flowers*, who fear the blast
Of hyperborean winters, and demand
The close protection of the glassy dome.

When, hardened into wood, the browner stem
Errs from her office, and neglects to rear
The infant bud, let sharpened steel remove
The callous limb, and, to the greener shoot,

234. *Chinese.*—Applicable to either sort of ever-blowing Rose.

235. *Damask buds.*—"The Monthly Roses," which are varieties of *Rosa Damascena*, or "The Damask Rose;" and which, by proper pruning, will produce a *succession* of flowers, till very late in the year.

239. *Tapering leaf, or congregated flowers.*—*Rosa longifolia*, and *Rosa multiflora*, two species of Japanese plants, not yet cultivated in this country; but which, as well as the Indian Rose, *Rosa Indica*, would require a green-house. *Rosa multiflora*, it is said, has been cultivated in France. "Cette espèce diffère considerablement de tous les autres rosiers, par ses petites fleurs paniculées et par ses pedoncules velus." *Guillemeau.*

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Give liberty and food. So prejudice,
Or habits, nursed by nature, prone to ill,
Obstruct the useful current of the soul,
Till active wisdom lops the nocent part.
Thus, may succeeding months renew their pride,
And tender blossoms brave a wintry sky.
All do not love the knife; forbear to prune,
Incautiously, the mossy stem, that opes
Its vermil beauties 'gainst the southern wall,
And courts, with graceful bend, each passing nymph.

When, near the surface, creeps the fibrous train
Of animated roots, the bark throws up,
To light and air, the hesitating bud:
Soon, in their mother's shade, the tender brood
Wave their soft heads, and catch the healthy breeze;
Thence, safely moved, and parents of a grove.
Thus, on the oozy shore, the polyp tribe,
Or sertularias, teem with growing young,
And vegetate, through all their bloodless frame.

But when, the deeper roots, with no return,
Descend; then, must the amputated branch

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Unfold its supplemental buds, and spread,
Beneath a looser soil, the fibrous net.
More safely, if the vitreous bell retains
The moistened air, shall stubborn plants arise.
So, the thin worm divided, lives, restored
With younger fibres, and, its own increase,
By other modes than nature taught, admires.

Which best, from scions, which, from layers may rise,
The experienced gardener sees: and which, more coy,
Thrive better, when the tender eye, removed,
Lives on a foreign stem: such culture, gives
More certain offspring, to the scarcer buds
Of alien birth, or those, whose forms unknown
Repay the nursing hand, which educates
Their youth. By artifice more curious, some
Have boasted, in the holly's polished rind
To fix the germ, reluctant; when a tinge,
Of sickening green, the fading purple stole,
And *verdant roses* mocked the poet's theme:
While others, forced the unwilling veins, to drink

286. *Verdant roses.*—See the Note.

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The currant's juice astringent, or the dyes
Concocted from the alder's bitter seed,
Shrouding, with *mournful hues*, their bright attire.
What subtle chymists may invent, to change
The exterior vest of Nature, or, by food,
Insinuate, and mingle in her juice
Sincere, let those not seek, for whom, she spreads
Her flowery carpet of dædalean hues;
By whom, no native grace, or happy form,
Moulds, unobserved, the plastic garb of things
Material. They, the Rose's genuine blush,
Fresh from the dew, or with the jasmine twined,
Love, unsophisticate. What, though your art
Should, from its ashes, (as the phantoms seen
By dreaming alchymists) revive, at will,
The artificial plant, with airy leaves
And scentless florets, that ape nature's forms,
For ever dying and for ever new;
More beauteous, shall the ivied rock display
The clustering woodbine, in whose pensile arms

290. *Mournful hues.*—See the Note.

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The *pallid Rose*, which loves the untrodden copse,
Bends gracefully: more beauteous, shall the buds,
That seem to steal the *maiden's* modest *bloom*,
Droop o'er the humble lilies, that engem,
With pendent coronets, the shaded vale.
Emblems of Taste! whose simple elegance
Waved in the Attic vesture, and the folds
That seemed to melt, around the nymphs of Greece.
She guides the style, when Sappho breathes her fires,
And sinks enraptured at the fount of love:
She guides the point, whose undulating grace
Flows round the form Idalian, to inspire
Adoring ages and barbaric climes:
She glows beneath the pencil of a Claude;
She blends the breathing colours, that portray
The eternal thought beneath a Titian's hand;
She groups for Raphael; and she waves the line
By Guido's magic softened into life.
She braids the glossy tresses, that around
The fair Circassian weave a maze of love:

308. *Pallid Rose.—Rosa arvensis*; "The small Dog Rose."

310. *Maiden's bloom.*—"The Maiden's Blush Rose," is a variety of *Rosa alba.*

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Nor, does the fair Circassian braid alone
Her glossy tresses with the hand of grace;
Enchanting fancy binds the artless wreaths
Of Rose or Jasmine, that embrace the locks
Of European nymphs, who, led by Taste,
Float in the dance, or, from the dulcet harp
Pour the rich tide of liberty and joy.

Nor nature's forms alone, but all her care
Maternal, and her apt devises, seize
With love the expanding soul, that present feels
His God. Let him, be banished from the class
Intelligent of beings, whose prone mind
Discerns not, in his works, the eternal power
Creative; nor, with wonder views alike
The fly ephemeral; or volant seeds
Of fern, obedient to the elastic band;
Or ruined worlds; or trackless orbs, that hold
In gravitating chains the balanced spheres.

And be it thine, O lovely Rose! with all
Thy sister flowers, to blaze the theme of truth
And order: say, why o'er thy armed stem

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Has Providence dispersed the varied thorn?
Or on thy leaves the downy vesture spread?
Or raised a hispid fence beneath thy buds?
Or clad thy hairy seeds? In vain, the worm
Devours the bud, in vain, the aphis drops
Her daily progeny: each form retains
Its station, and its use: the destined guards
Temper the chilling of the eastern blast;
Arrest the ravages of insect tribes;
Or bid them range innocuous: here, bask
Their tender brood: here, courtiers of the sun,
The radiant beetle and pellucid fly
Lave their rich armour in the spangled dew.

Here, the black bee prepares, with tender care,
The leafy circles of her procreant bed,
To line her arched chambers, scooped, with pain,
Through oak or sallow, or, beneath the earth,
Mid secret passages, unaided, frame
The labyrinth and verdant wall. This when
The rustic sees, amazed he turns, and flies
Far from the enchanted spot, fearful to touch
The charm supposed, and the revenge incur

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Of sorceress or fairy. With alarm
More just, the panting damsels tried the wreath,
Or magic flower, that, with a fading form
Mourned o'er the faithless nymph and conscious wife;
But, with resplendent tints reanimate,
Breathed heavenly odours o'er the matchless brow
Of constancy; which twice, in legend tales,
Was found; perhaps, in legend tales alone.

Such too, was the reward, there only found,
Of faithful Love: in his imperial isle,
Say legend tales, arose the wondrous arch,
Whose willing trumpet poured celestial strains
O'er Oriana's head, and showered profuse,
At every blast, a cloud of odorous flowers,
Immortal Roses, which the smile divine,
Of truth and constancy, had taught to blow:
Such, as o'er Psyche's bridal couch, the Hours
Shed emulous, and made the ambrosial feast
Worthy of heaven.—But, by no magic spells
Enslaved, efficient in its native strength,
The salutary herb shall oft renew
The healthier action of the feeble frame,

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Astringent, cephalic, or febrifuge:
For this, the scientific herbalist
Shall rear the *Gallican*, or nature twine
Her *wilder* blossoms through the straggling hedge.

By such relief fair Milto saved the grace
And promise of her opening beauties, soon
Translated from Ionian groves, to warm
The courts of Susa with the beams of love.
Groves of Phocæa, in whose soothing shade
Young Milto charmed the lightly-moving hours,
Ye heard her unsuspicious song at morn
Carol delight: ye heard her sighs at eve:
An envious vapour o'er her ivory neck
Had passed, and shed disease: with joy no more
She wakes the morn: her altered image seems
To scare her from the mirror; yet she returns
To bend again each hour, with vain lament
Tracing the altered image; and disturbs

395. *Gallican.*—*Rosa Gallica*; "The Gallican, or Apothecary's Rose." See the Note, and l. 168.

396. *Wilder.*—*Rosa canina*; "The Dog Rose." See the Note, and l. 184.

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The traces with her tears. Nor female art,
Nor patient skill, nor all the balms of Greece
Assuage the rising malady: consumed
The little fortunes of her sire; consumed
Her tender bloom; with maiden fear, though late,
She seeks the altar of the Cyprian Queen,
And prays; "Nor precious gems have I, nor crowns
Of gold, O Goddess! nor of lucid pearl,
The glory of thy native sea, nor clouds
Of odorous incense and Sabæan gums
To offer; but a spotless heart I bear,
Uncensered orisons and pompless vows,
A poor Phocæan maid: the form thou gav'st
Was all I had; the form thou gav'st, restore:
To thee devoted, and without reproach,
Be all the tenor of my days; for thou,
O queen of joy, delightest to revive
With flowers the earth, to multiply the heavens
With stars, and renovate the orient face
Of nature, cold and lifeless without thee."
Nor prayed in vain: a gentle stupor steals
Her senses; and alights a nymph of air,
A visionary form; for such appeared

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The dove, commissioned from the Idalian throne,
With smiles of peace and joyous augury,
To dissipate her lingering pain: "Behold,
Fair maid, thy remedy; arise, collect
The consecrated Rose-leaves, that invest
The Citherëan altar; steeped in dew,
They shall restore thee harmless: and yet more,
A Persian canopy awaits thee; thy charms
Shall bind the captive Cyrus; and the Queen
Of love, shall shed her dearest blessing o'er
Thy couch. The Queen of love, nor precious gifts
Demands, nor rich perfumes, nor crowns of pearl:
The heart, devoted to her golden sway,
She cherishes."—Awoke the maid, and steeped
In dew the consecrated leaves; whose touch
Hath cooled her throbbing neck. Nor evermore,
With daily homage, she neglects, or, with
Observance costliest, to supplicate
The powers of Venus, though by Persian kings
Herself adored: obedient Susa weaved,
With all her nymphs, the roseate bands, and bowed,
With all her Satraps, round the shrine of love.—

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Long shall the essence, unguent, or conserve,
Diffuse its aromatic breath, and live
Fearless of age: as once, the Phrygian prince,
Whom Cytherea laved in roseate oil,
Retained his form, and mocked the changeful air.
Thus, distant climes receive the odorous lymph,
And scented honours of the eastern guest.

Far otherwise, the tender flowers: they fade,
And lose their languid essence in the air,
E'en on Nerina's love-inspiring breast;
Or, loosely nodding o'er the plaited locks
Of Mira, bending in the brilliant maze
Of animated dance; or, waving o'er
The airy robe, in all the negligence
Of grace, when festive music wakes to joy
The troubled dream, and lethargy of life,
For one short hour. How soon, in one short hour,
Closes the gleam of pleasure, and the dawn
Of hope!—Ye shepherds, in Arcadian vales,
Cease the light courses of your airy dance;
And from your arms, and drooping heads let fall

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The rosy bands, which youth for grateful love
Had twined; fall at the tomb of her, the late
Companion of your sport, where first your eyes
Catch the sad scroll, "I too was an Arcadian."
So fell from Proserpine, o'er Enna's mead,
The blasted flowers, when down the dark descent
'Gan roll the infernal car.—Poor, fading, flowers!
How soon you fail, like all we love! emblem
Of joys you crowned; when smiles are sunk in woe,
And mirth's fantastic form dissolves in air.
The self-same hands, that o'er the bridal couch
Have thronged, to scatter Roses, shall return
To mock with tributary flowers the grave,
And bind, in weeping wreaths, the urn of death.

Poor, fading, flowers! like you short-lived, these lays
Shall perish, victims of the rapid scythe
Of Time, and no immortal wreath shall bloom,
Embalmed by Fame's sweet breath, around my lyre!

Poor, fading, flowers! who first your image stole,
And, on the unoblivious tablet, made

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Your blushes permanent, your grateful buds
Exempt from fate, for ever fresh and young?
'Twas Love: 'twas Love the happy pencil gave
To Sicyonian Pausias; who, each morn,
Enraptured, by the artist and the art,
Beheld the wreaths, which Glycera had wove
For priest or victor; or, to circle shrines
Of Jove and Hercules; or, to o'ershade
The Mother Goddess in her tigred car,
When Corybantian trumpets had proclaimed
The festival: loud cymbals borne before
Announced the present deity: on high
The mighty image sat, and seemed to nod
Pleasing assent, to all her childern's vows.

Young Pausias seized the pencil; and to all
The varied chaplets gave immortal life.
But shall he rival, though inspired by Love,
Innumerable hues, and infinite
Graces of nature? Every morn, the nymph,
In playful contest, hangs a novel wreath
On the neat portico, that lent its shade
To skreen her summer seat, from the fierce rays

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And fiery axle of the ascending sun;
But not, (so Venus willed) from shafts of Love.

The goddess smiled, when Pausias, trembling, laid
Two spotless doves, an offering on her shrine;
And, while they fluttered, in their harmless yoke
Conjoined, he, bending o'er the altar, bears,
And consecrates to love, an humble plant,
A Rose-tree of Arcadian birth: the buds,
Then chastely white, now glowing from the approach
Of Cyprian odours breathed around and airs,
(By Love's decree) with modest red, contrast
The glossy lustre of their silver edge.

This gift, the youth, (himself had reared the plant)
Lays at his mistress' feet, and in a vase
Himself had painted. Cupid, tipped the thorns
With dews ambrosial, potent to diffuse
The sweeter breath of love: his mother oft
Refused, so great a blessing, to the gods;
And e'en to fair Aurora, who, in vain,
Sought every morn her sad Hymettian mount!
Like little burning arrows, when she touched

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The enchanted plant, the thorns, her softer skin
Had pierced: the blood, that quietly before
Slept, in the azure mazes of her veins,
Drank fire, and in unusual currents ran.
Why did her fingers tremble, and her heart
Seem too confined, in that embroidered zone,
Her mother's hand had wrought? Not she, herself,
Can tell: the God, who caused it, only knows,
Why sighs, and feeble smiles, and love's pale hue
Succeed. The humble Pausias sees, with grief,
The silent change; nor, dreams himself the cause.

The Rose he gave, was precious; and, they say,
No other, ere that time, had borne a flower
Of party-coloured hue, with brilliant clouds
Of scarlet, blazoned on a field of white.
Thence, the device esteemed of hopeless love;
The red, the flames, the white, portrayed the pale
And livid colouring, of a lover's cheek.
Emblem of love no more, in after times,
It bloomed the sign of reconcilèd feuds,
When armèd champions sought alone to catch,
In the gay tournament, their mistress' eyes,

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No longer tilting in the mailèd ranks
* Of *York and Lancaster*. Such wreaths they wore,
When, in the vale of Arde, the gallant king
Of Britain, saw his plumed and golden host
Outvie the pageantry of rival France.

The Rose he gave, was precious; but, to prove
His constancy, the playful maid still mocked
The never-ending labours of his art.
More choice, or complicate, each day were seen
Her pendent garlands, and in graceful forms,
Crescent, or coronet, arranged. The vine,
The decent lily, and the flower, that sprang
* From Venus' tears, with splendid heliocryse
She blended artfully; nor were forgot,
* Or curled acanthus, or proud martagon;
From fields she culled the asphodel, from hills
The honied broom, and from the silent stream
The sacred plant, by Memphian priests adored,
* Nymphëa; groves their violets, the banks
Their waving reeds, the rocks their arbutus,

563. *York and Lancaster*.—See the Note.

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The plains narcissus gave, with nameless flowers
Combined, and shaded with each verdant leaf.

" A fairer flower than these, or than the Rose,
Thy curious present, let thy pencil draw,
And I," said Glycera, " will yield." The youth
Watched through the night, and prayed to Love: at morn,
Ere yet, the Sun o'er the Egëan wave,
In purple clouds, had to his own fane sent
His early greeting, he snatched the pointed stile,
And sketched the fairest form his mind e'er saw;
'Twas Glycera: the obedient colours flowed,
And filled beneath his hand the graceful line.
The image smiled: and Pausias drops the style
Adoring: " It is she," he cries, " of Greece
The fairest blossom, and the sweetest flower:
Dear image, copied from my constant heart,
Be thou propitious, and no greater god
I supplicate."—Where else, could he have found
Such opening graces, or such native tints
Of beauty, penciled by the hand of heaven?
What flower, more delicate in purple veins,

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In lucid white more fair? Where else, such bloom,
Shaming the Paphian Rose, where else, such grace
Of hyacinthine curls, whose locks emit
The ray reflected of their golden hue,
More pleasing than the gaudy helianth?
Or where, such tender form, more delicate
Than that, which Daphne, on the hills, supine,
Bends, with the vernal breeze, or summer dew,
Or which, in mountain solitudes, adorns
Andromeda?—Her hands a garland wove,
That seemed to glow, as if, her polished hands
Gave blushing animation, by their touch:
In groups, around, her favourite flowers are hung,
Bunch, or festoon. Already at her feet,
Nor finished yet, the votive tablet lies.
Approving silence, or reproving love,
In modest dimples, blushing round her lips,
The flattering gift she cherished, but still more
The flatterer; so, are gentlest maids inclined:
Nor yet, had yielded; (so, are gentlest maids
Most coy) till Clymenè, her mother sage,

607. *Helianth.*—"The Sun-flower."

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Explained the promise, well performed, and won,
By Pausias, well deserving. Altars of Love
And Hymen, now, are ye with Roses heaped:
Through rosy garlands, dance the attendant nymphs,
And, o'er the virgin veil, are florets cast,
And fresh buds clasp the palpitating zone.

At morn, more beauteous shone the bride. The days,
Unclouded days, passed on: nor he forsook
His pencil, that had gained the rich reward;
Nor she, the chaplets consecrate to love.
He loved his tablets, which had made her gifts
Immortal; she, because the hand which made
Them so, was dear: and oft, in rapture, threw
Her arms the youth around; who, on her lip,
Met kisses more divine, than those, which Jove
Stole from the clouded Iö, (who bewails
Her regal nuptials) or, in ardours wrapt,
Snatched from the fainting Semelè, when all
His glory, and his fiery canopy,
Reluctantly displayed, involved the fond
And senseless girl, in ruin unrestrained!
So perish, self-destroyed, ambitious love!

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Far other, were the modest hopes, that soothed
The heart of Pausias: for the humble wreath,
Myrtle or violet, that o'er his front
Beloved, and crisped locks, the gentle maid
Had carelessly disposed, he prized more dear,
Than all, which Pythian, or Olympian priest,
Had bound around the head of conquerors,
Than all, which Zeuxis, or Parrhasius, won,
From universal Greece, when the vast shout
Of theatres, reëchoed to the sky
Their praise.—Let her, to whom are dedicate
These idle lines, receive with smiling eyes
The worthless tribute, and regard the donor
With undeserved, but propitious, love;
And he, shall never envy those, whose lays
• The Palatine Apollo hath enshrined,
• In cedar, or in cypress, or the reward
• Of those, who sang the Ptolemies, and hymned,
In regal choirs, the Alexandrian Jove.

Thee, Amarantha, let the muse record
Indulgent, and no other wreath I seek,
Than flowers entwined by thy inspiring hand;

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More precious, than the Golden Rose, that crowned
Toulousian bards, amid the floral feast;
Or those, which, in the prostituted name
Of heaven, the Sovereign Pontiff blessed, to swell
The pride of kings, or bribe Loretto's shrine.

And thou, O LOVE, for whom, the opening buds
Were taught to blush, for whom, the Dorian swains,
Chanting with modest lay thy ROSE divine,
Around the bloodless altar, loved to weave,
The glory of the meads, of earth the gem,
Of flowers the eye, of groves the purple light,
Receive the fading chaplet, which thy bard
Twines, fearfully; while, with no daring step,
He visits thy pavilion; or, in awe,
Retreats: though, not unconscious of the charms
That sweetly lure the heart, by thy fond smiles
Nourished, and waked to life; but well assured,
Of thy tremendous power, that deeply drinks
The blood, and preys upon the tortured sense.

First ruler of the human mind, to thee,
The humble muse her earliest homage owes.

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Be gentle in thy course, pure in thy wish,
And soothing in thy soft control: or else,
Far let us fly, and fire the eager soul
To deeds of high emprise; to raise the spear
In patriot armaments, at her command,
Who bears the OAKEN wreath of civic worth,
Enchanting LIBERTY: or sink, retired,
In FRIENDSHIP's more indulgent arms, and, with
Her social VINE, o'ershade the tranquil bower
Of Fancy; sheltered, from the ruder blast,
And scattering of thy light-winged flowers, O Love!

And it is theirs, to rouse the mortal thought,
Above all low affections, and the vile
Bent of the selfish intellect; yet all
Are vain, with mightier energies, to clothe
The panting soul, and, with ethereal fire
Repurify the essence, still, immersed
In sublunary darkness, chained to earth;
If mild RELIGION, with her charms unveiled,
Effect no miracle, nor strew with PALMS
The way to immortality. For her, should rise
The poet's latest theme, and melt these songs,

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Of wayward lore, and various texture wrought,
Into one, just, premeditate design.

Then, may the lyre, not idly waste in air
Her desultory breath: though, vain the wish,
Her vagrant minstrelsy, may earn a wreath
Fair as the Rose, or deathless as the Palm.

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NOTES

ON

THE ROSE.

12. *Thy flower.*—The nightingale, is a bird of passage in the East, and appears in Persia, at the season when the Rose begins to blow. Thence, originated the story, of its love for that flower, so often alluded to by oriental poets. "These birds," says *Sonnini*, "are silent in Egypt, which they leave early in the year, to warble out their songs of love, and hail the arrival of spring in other countries."—The following lines are imitated, from some Persian poetry, upon this subject :

"Delightful are the gales of spring!
Oh, Rose! where dost thou stay?
Dost thou not hear, the nightingale
Lamenting thy delay?

"Bear to the nightingale, each flower,
Each fragrant herb, that grows,
His constant heart, will only prize
The sweet breath of his Rose.

"But, Azza, should the nightingale
Thy beauteous features see;
He would no longer seek, his dear
Beloved Rose,—but thee."

16. *Her roseate harvest.*—In *Herbert's Travels*, there is a long panegyric of Shiraz, which he compares to the Elysium of *Tibullus*,

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where, " Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis." The Persian name for the Rose, is *Gul*, or The Flower, for pre-eminence. *Kæmpfer* says, that, " though perhaps some other place, may be compared with the neighbourhood of Shiraz, for beauty or fertility, yet no spot on the globe, can equal it in the excellence, or rich produce, of its vines and *Roses:* and, as the Rose-gardens of Persia, are the most copious and sweetest in the world, so those of Shiraz, are the most fertile and fragrant in Persia." The distilled water, is carefully carried from hence, in small glass bottles, not only to all the neighbouring provinces, but over all India. The *Attar*, or essential oil, distilled here, is dearer than gold. *Amœnitates exoticæ*, p. 373. See *Ebn. Haukal*, p. 132.—The Indian method of procuring *Attar* of Roses, is published by *Col. Polier*, in the *Asiatic Researches*, I. 332. An hundred pounds of the flowers, scarcely afford in India, above two drachms of essential oil. *Gilibert* says, " Cent livres de petales de Roses n'en fournissent par la distillation que quatre drachmes." *Demons. Botan.* III. 637.—From the same quantity, *Tachenius* obtained half an ounce, and *Hoffman* a much larger proportion. Other chymists have had different results. See *Buc'hoz, Dictionnaire des Plantes*, p. 178.

17. *Bactrian.*—The Rose is cultivated to the north of Shiraz, as in Cashmire; the *Attar* from which place, is esteemed. Of Indostan, properly called, the nightingale is not a native; but it is found, in the ancient Bactriana, and in the northern parts of India, and even, in China and Japan. To Indostan, it is constantly imported in cages, from Persia, and constitutes a great article of trade: there it again meets, in the gardens of the Zenanas, its beloved Rose.

34. *Amaracus.*—" Whether any mythological connection subsisted between the *amaracus*, with the fragrant leaves of which Hymen bound his temples, and the *tulasi* of India, must be left undetermined; the botanical relation of the two plants (if *amaracus* be properly translated *marjoram*) is extremely near." *Sir W. Jones' Works*, I. 261.—See also II. 95.

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38. *Long ere the fabled Goddess.*—We may venture to assign to the Rose, an earlier, and a truer origin, than *Anacreon* has done; though, perhaps, a less poetic one, particularly when clothed in the language of Mr. *Moore*.

"Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend, for thus the tale is sung:
When, humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove,
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance;
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung with blushing tinctures drest,
And wantoned o'er its parent's breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth."

42. *The mystic Maia.*—*Gebelin* observes, that, on the feast of Maia, in the commencement of May, "Une fille, magnifiquement habillée, se promenoit sur un char, couronnée de feuilles et de fleurs; on l'appelloit la reine Maia." Hence the modern Queen of the May. During her festival, says *Ovid*,

"Tempora sutilibus cinguntur tota coronis,
Et latet injectâ splendida mensa *rosâ*."

Maia was one of the Pleiades, who rise in spring; but, under her name, the Great Goddess, the earth, or source of abundance, seems to have been worshipped: and her name and attributes, seem to have been originally derived from the Indian *Máyá*, who is explained, by the Hindus, to signify, "the first inclination of the Godhead to diversify himself, by creating worlds;" and whose offspring was *Cáma*, or Love.—Thus, she resembles the *Alma Venus* of *Lucretius*, though, at Rome she

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became confounded, latterly, with Flora; whose gardens, as described by *Ovid*, are supposed, by *Spence*, to bear a distant allusion to the original Paradise.—*Gebelin, Monde Primitive*, IV. 104.—*Ovid. Fast.* V.—*Polymetis*, 250.—*Sir W. Jones' Works*, I. 231. 261. VI. 213.

45. *Erycinian Venus.*—The remains of the temple of Venus Erycina, are still to be seen, without the Porta Salara, at Rome, near the ancient Porta Collina. *Ovid*, has concisely described, part of the ceremonies used on her festival, in the beginning of April.

" Aurea marmoreo redimicula solvite collo;
Demite divitias; tota lavanda dea est.
Aurea siccato redimicula reddite collo:
Nunc alii flores, nunc nova danda *rosa* est."

" From her fair neck let loose the golden bands;
Unclasp the jewels; all the Goddess lave.
To her pure neck restore the golden bands;
Now fresher flowers, now budding Roses strew."

So the image of *Bhaváni*, whom *Sir W. Jones* calls the *Venus Marina* of India, is restored to the waters at the conclusion of her great festival.—I. 257.

But, it was on the 23d of April, during the feast called Vinalia, that she was worshipped by the prostitutes of Rome. " C'etoit la fête des filles de bonne volunté. Elles offroient ce jour là à Vénus de l'encens, de la menthe aquatique, du myrte, des *roses:* le temple auquel elles avoient le plus de dévotion étoit celui de Vénus Erycine, hors de la porte Colline: elles demandoient à la Déesse, la beauté, et la faveur du peuple, l'art de plaire et celui de séduire." *Gebelin*, IV. 385.

" Numina vulgares Veneris celebrate puellæ.
Multa professarum quæstibus apta Venus.
Poscite, thure dato, formam, populique favorem:
Poscite blanditias, dignaque verba joco.
Cumque suâ dominæ date grata sisymbria myrto,
Textaque compositâ juncea vincla *rosâ*." *Fast.* IV. 863.

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Her more celebrated temple, was on the promontory of Eryx, in Sicily; and her rites, were more impurely celebrated in Greece.

56. *Of her.*—The ancients have left various stories, relative to the colour of the Rose. *Bion* says, the plant sprang from the blood of Adonis: *Claudian*, when Venus pulls a Rose, observes, "Doloris

"Carpit signa sui."

An ancient epigram, mentions her wishing to defend Adonis from Mars, when

"Affixit duris vestigia dura rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore *rosa* est."

"Her steps she fixes on the cruel thorns;
And with her blood the pallid Rose adorns."

And hence, the statue, which represented her drawing the thorn out of her foot. *Cassianus Bassus* says, Venus ran purposely among the thorns, to revenge herself of Mars, who had slain Adonis; and from a wound in her foot, the Rose received its colour and its odour. *Cowley* describes,

. . . . . "The Damask Rose,
Which sprang, they say, from Syrian Venus' blood."

Anacreon, makes the Gods, at its formation, dye the flower with nectar;

"With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bad them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine." *Moore's Anacr.*

Another tale relates, that Cupid, leading a dance in heaven, stumbled, and overset a bowl of nectar, which, falling upon the earth, stained the Rose.—*Ausonius* has made the Rose blush from the blood of Cupid.

63. *The emblem.*—Venus, is sometimes represented by the ancients, crowned with Roses; and sometimes, with a sceptre terminated by that flower, as upon an antique silver vase, described in *Gebelin*, p. 593. So is Cupid, often, crowned with Roses; as well as Hymen, in whose feasts they were used.—They appear, in the ancient painting, called, the

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Aldobrandine Marriage.—Cupid gave a Rose to Harpocrates, the God of silence, to induce him not to divulge the secrets of Venus; and from thence came the phrase, "to speak under the Rose." They were also offered to the Muses, as in the first epigram of *Theocritus:* and *Pausanias*, in the *Eliacs*, mentions a statue of one of the Graces holding a Rose in her hand.

64. *In every clime.*

"Diligit et florem Cypris ubique suum." *Corn. Gallus.*

65. *Of Labrador.*—America has other native Roses, and probably several not yet ascertained.

72. *Pine-clad isles.*—*Vancouver*, mentions the Rose, among the plants of the north-west coast of America, and of the adjacent isles.

78. *Ever-blooming.*—*Rosa semperflorens*, called by gardeners, "the Dark Everblowing," was obtained from China by Mr. Slater. *Curtis' Magazine*, VIII. p. 284.—*Rosa Sinica* or *Chinensis*, is called, "the Blush Everblowing."

79. *Rougher leaf.*—*Rosa rugosa*, is a native of Japan: it was first described by *Thunberg*. *Kæmpfer*, mentions both double and single Roses in Japan: and *Cleyer* says, that he saw in that country, hundred-leaved Roses, of the most beautiful colours, red, purple, white, growing upon high trees, in the month of January, while the air was still cold, but that they wanted odour. *Germ. Ephemer.* D. II. A. 4. p. 7.—A Rose-tree growing to a great size, and bearing a number of small flowers, is said, lately to have been brought to France, from the East, and is styled, *Rosa arborea.*

84. *Gardenia.*—*Thunberg*, takes notice of Gardenias and Magnolias, among the beautiful flowering trees, that usually surround the houses in Japan.

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87. *Henna.*—This plant, a native of Arabia, and of most parts of the East, is called by Linnæus *Lawsonia inermis.* Sir W. Jones finds fault with him for not retaining the eastern appellation. The name is sometimes written *Chenna.* The ladies of great part of Asia use its leaves in a paste, to stain their fingers of an orange colour; and their feet also, according to *Alpinus.* This custom was so ancient, that the nails of mummies have been found dyed with it. *Hasselquist's Travels,* 246.—See *Flora Atlantica.*—*Alpinus* recommends it for colouring the hair. *De plantis Egyptiacis,* 46. q. v.—" Les feuilles de cette plante, seches ou vertes, bouillées dans l'eau, donnent une belle couleur orangée. Les Cypriotes s'en teignent les cheveux, qui, une fois impregnées de cette couleur, ne la perdent que très long-tems apres.—Les Venetiens avoient coutume d'en peindre leurs chevaux, et cet usage ne s'est maintenu, qu'à l'egard des levriers blancs et des troupeaux." *Voyages de l'Abbé Mariti.* I. 25.

92. *Caucasus.*—" The Rose of Mount Caucasus " is remarkable for the great size of the plant, and bears its flowers in clusters.

95. *Cyrene.*—The Roses of Cyrene are celebrated by *Theophrastus* and *Pliny* for their superior odour. And, " the musk," the only Rose which is a native of Africa, is still cultivated on that coast. The Rose-water made from it is highly esteemed; and is sent to Constantinople, and other places. The scent of this Rose is probably stronger in hot climates than with us. *Theophrastus* says, that, among the larger Roses, the sweetest-scented are those whose lower part is rough; and *Aristotle* has made this one of his problems; and attempts a solution of it.

106. *Campania.*—The Roses of Sybaris and Pæstum are too well known to need any commentary. To this day the insignia of Pæstum, a Syren holding a Rose, remain sculptured on the ruined arch of one of its gates. *Pliny* mentions its cultivation in Campania. There were

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spots in Italy named from this circumstance; as there is now Fontenay-aux-Roses near Paris.

112. *Egypt.*—Roses were formerly sent from Egypt to Rome. *Theophrastus* says, they blew two months earlier in Egypt and lasted longer than in Greece, *l.* iv. c. 7. They are still cultivated in the former country, and particularly "the double-white Rose," or *Rosa alba*, in the province of Fajhun, in Upper Egypt, near the Pyramids. *Hasselquist* says, they are the most fragrant he ever met with, and that an incredible quantity of Rose-water is there distilled for exportation. "The Gallican" and "Cinnamon" are also cultivated. *Travels*, 248, and *It. Palest.* 470.—An Egyptian Rose called *Memphitica*, or, "del Cairo," is mentioned by old botanists.

114. *Arcadia.*—"*Timarchides* nous dit que la Rose etoit la fleur la plus agreable aux Arcadiens, et qu'à cause de son odeur ils l'appellaient *parfumée.*" *Guillemeau, Hist. Nat. de la Rose*, p. 2. *Plutarch* gives this etymology. *Symp.* 3. *qu.* 2.—As if ῥοδον was derived from ῥεω and ὀδμη, "to flow with odour:" a very forced derivation. *Gebelin* deduces the name from *ros*, a radical term, which seems to have signified something "eminent, or beautiful;" and which may be pursued by zealous etymologists through many languages.

118. *Pangæus.*—On Mount Pangæus in Thrace, according to *Theophrastus* and *Pliny*, grew the *Rosa centifolia*, or "hundred-leaved Rose." From thence, it was transplanted to the neighbourhood of Phillippi; and afterwards to Campania and other countries.

121. *Empty tomb.*—Roses and other flowers were strewed by the ancients on cenotaphs, as well as on graves. It would be needless to quote the numerous passages, that must occur to every reader, describing their use by the Greeks and Romans, in funerals as well as in feasts. In the latter, they were supposed to cool the head; in the former, they were

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images of mortality. *Anacreon* desires to be crowned with them only while he is alive. *De Guys* observes of the modern Greeks, that "he found in their repasts not only the ancient excess and simplicity of behaviour, but also those festal crowns, which paint in such lively colours the heartfelt joy of the jocund revellers. Lovers also ornament their heads with crowns of flowers, and make garlands of them; which they afterwards hang in wreaths and various festoons, over the doors of their mistresses, and particularly on the first of May." *Vol.* I. *p.* 146. 150. "They work the leaves of *Roses* and poppies into the resemblance of little bladders, in order to smack them upon the forehead, and by the depth of the sound this produces, they judge of the degrees of affection in their lovers." p. 237. "They sing of the Rose and the vernal bloom, as well as Anacreon." III. p. 94. The eastern use of this flower in festivals is noticed in Wisdom. C. II. v. 7, 8. "Let no flower of the spring pass by us, let us crown ourselves with *Rose-buds*, before they be withered." See a floor strewed with Roses in the *Herculaneum Paintings*, III. p. 61.

135. *Provins.*—This Rose has been usually called "The Provence;" but it is said to take its name more properly from the town of Provins, to which place it was brought from Syria by a Comte de Brie, at his return from the Crusades. *Guillemeau* and *Dictionn. d'Hist. Nat.*—It may be doubted whether the several varieties called Provence Roses are derived from this stock, or from "the single Provence Rose" said to be a native of the South of Europe, or whether most of the varieties in cultivation are not derived from the original *Rosa centifolia* or hundred-leaved Rose of the ancients. The difficulty of ascertaining the species and varieties of this plant has made some botanists, as *Gerard* and *Bœhmer*, consider them all, at least the European kinds, as varieties of one species. *Linnæus* has said, "species rosarum difficillimé limitibus circumscribuntur, et fortè natura vix eos posuit."

143. *Champagne.*—This Rose is said to be a variety of the Provence, differing only in being but half the size. *Wildenow.*—It is this which

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Guillemeau probably means, when he says, "Ce fut en 1735, qu'un jardinier de Dijon en coupant du bois sur les montagnes voisines fit l'heureuse découverte de cette espèce."

183. *Eglantine.*—This has been a common appellation for the sweetbriar, and is so used here. *Rosa eglanteria* of Linnæus is "the single yellow Rose," or *Rosa lutea* of Wildenow. Milton distinguishes the sweetbriar from the eglantine, if he meant by the former, *Rosa rubiginosa*, and by the latter, *Rosa lutea*,

> "Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine."

But he is usually supposed to have meant the woodbine by the latter. The very best authorities, however, have appropriated this term in English, and in poetry, to "the sweetbriar."

> . . . . . "No, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
> Out-sweetened not thy breath." *Cymbeline.*

> "Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
> With sweet musk Roses and with eglantine."
>
> *Mids. N. Dream.*

St. Pierre mentions from *Thevenot's* Collection of Voyages a sweetbriar on the land of Jesso, growing among the rocks of the beach, with seed-vessels so large and so nutritive as to feed the inhabitants great part of the year.

184. *The briar.*—*Wedelius*, in a treatise "*de coronâ Christi spineâ*," has honoured the Wild-rose, or *Rosa canina*, by supposing it to be the plant with which Christ was crowned: and also, that it composed the bush in which Abraham caught the ram, and that in which the angel of the Lord appeared to Moses as a flame. See *Physica Sacra*, VIII. p. 304.—*Sandys* found Wild-roses growing plentifully near Jerusalem: and *Chandler* saw no other tree nor shrub within the walls. I. p. 197.—This seems a literal accomplishment of the prophecies:

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" I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned or digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns." *Isaiah*, v. 6.

" And thorns shall come up in her palaces." xxxiv. 13.

" Thorns shall be in their tabernacles." *Hosea*, ix. 6.

The Dog-rose had, by the instruction of an oracle, the honour of pointing out the site for the city of Locris. *Athenæus*, II. p. 70.—See *Hilleri Hierophyticon.*

189. *Simpler foliage.—Rosa berberifolia* differs from all other Rose-trees in having a *simple leaf.* It is a native of the north of Persia, or Media; was found there by Michaux and was brought to France by Olivier. The flowers are yellow, with a purplish centre, and sweet-scented. The plant is very small, and thorny when young. See *Dict. d'Hist. Nat.*

227. *Batavian.—Rosa centifolia;* now called " The Dutch hundred-leaved." This is supposed to be the plant mentioned by *Herodotus (Urania,* 138) as growing spontaneously in Macedonia, near the mountain Bermion, in the gardens of Midas, the son of Gordius, having sixty leaves, and a most fragrant odour. In these gardens it is said Silenus was taken. The same number of petals is also noticed by *Nicander (Georg.)*

Αιεν ες ἑξηκοντα περιξ κομαοντα πέτηλοις.

So that, it is probable, this plant might originally have been called The Sixty-leaved.

252. *A wintry sky.*—By cutting off the buds in spring or by late transplanting, Roses may be made to flower in the beginning of winter. " Un moyen sûr d'avoir des *roses* de tous les mois, lors les rosiers sont en caisse, est d'en courber les branches et de les attacher à des bâtons fichés en terre." *Jardinier fleuriste*, p. 324. See *Bacon, Nat. Hist. Cent.* V. 413. 420.

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264. *Sertularias.*—These branched zoophytes have a strong resemblance to plants; particularly in their mode of increasing by suckers. See *Ellis's Zoophytes, p.* 33, and *Philosoph. Transact.* LVII. 436. They are of the same tribe as Polypi, which are well known, and form the gradation between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

272. *Thin worm.*—A sort of thin aquatic worm was cut into sixteen pieces by Bonnet, when each piece in a short time became a perfect animal.

278. *Such culture.*—It is not often necessary to inoculate Roses. To propagate new or foreign kinds, the best stocks to use are "the damask, the white, the Frankfort, and the wild eglantine," according to *Rea.* In his *Flora*, p. 33, are directions for budding "the double yellow Rose" upon a shoot of a single yellow, which must have been previously budded on a Frankfort Rose; by these means it will bear flowers in perfection in two years. The Frankfort *(Rosa turbinata)* is often used by gardeners for budding upon; but the Dog-rose will answer well, and also the healthy suckers of the sweetbriar. Inoculated on an almond-tree, the rose will flower in winter; and on an apple-tree it will blossom, while the tree is in fruit. If a bud of a seedling Rose-tree is inserted on an old plant it will flower the same season; and this is the quickest mode of trying the success of plants raised from seed. See *Meagher's English Gardener*, p. 69.

286. *Verdant Roses.*—"Subviridis à naturâ non est; sed fit, si rosæ vertex in teneram agrifolii arbusculam inseratur." *Boddæus*, in his *Commentary on Theophrastus.*—"Si vous entez des roses sur le houx ou l'oranger vous aurez des roses vertes." *Guillemeau* from *Albert le Grand.*—"J'ai vu des greffes de rosier sur le houx et sur l'oranger." *Gilibert*, III. 637.—"On peut encore se procurer des roses vertes, en arrosant le rosier avec du suc de ruë." See *Schotti Thautaturgus*, I. 221. *Ferrarius.*—*Mizaldus, Hortorum Secreta* 48.—et *Guillemeau*

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138.—Ammoniacal gas will turn the petals green, as the fumes of sulphur make them white.

290. *Mournful hues.*—In *Guillemeau* are directions for procuring black Roses, by manuring the plant with a composition consisting chiefly of the seeds of alder. Ink has been used for the same purpose; as well as budding upon a black currant.

293. *Insinuate.*—*Schottus* says, that, according to *Porta* and *Ferrarius*, the Rose will easily assume strange colours, if into the split root or branches verdigris or indigo or saffron or blue vitriol *(crocus aut cæruleus lapis)* or any other colouring matter, finely powdered, is plentifully infused; the wounds are then to be well closed, and covered with dung: some poisonous drugs, as orpiment, must be avoided. He also mentions grafting the Rose upon broom to make the flowers yellow.

That no colour may be wanting to this flower, *Guillemeau* mentions *Rosa cærulea*, or "the blue Rose," as a species, which he calls, "rosier à fleurs bleues de ciel," and quotes *Hist. des Plantes*, *Lemery's Cours de Chymie*, and particularly *D'Orbesson's Essai sur les Roses*, who all say, that it is very common in Italy. He quotes also for the existence of this plant, *Melanges Historiques et Critiques de Physique*, and *Dictionnaire de Bomare*. It is perhaps a variety of one of the wild Roses which assumes a tinge of bluish purple.

Those who are credulous or fond of monsters, may consult the *German Ephemerides* for accounts of a lily growing out of a Rose, and of a willow that produced Roses. The latter circumstance is explained in *Acta Acad. Cæs.* IX. 189, and in *Raii Synop.* 459.

303. *The artificial plant.*—The alchymists of the sixteenth century speak of this apparent resuscitation, as a thing easy and well known. The seeds (or the ashes) powdered and prepared principally with dew, are to be exposed to heat in a close glass vessel, when there will appear a stem, leaves and flowers, in short, the apparition of a per-

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fect plant rising from the midst of its ashes. On removing the heat, the image vanishes; and it can be revived again in the same manner. This palingenesis (as they called it) was not confined to the Rose; though that plant, according to the relation, was used most frequently. Nor was it confined to the vegetable kingdom: lobsters, pounded in a mortar, are said to have reappeared in the same manner to *Sir Kenelm Digby, Scottus,* and others. See these two authors, *Kircher's Mundus Subterraneus,* and *Guillemeau,* p. 200, who quotes also *Quercetan (du Chêsne)* physician to Henri IV. and *de Claves,* as vouchers for this story; and says, that the Emperor Ferdinand III. purchased the secret at a high price. *Baker* in his work *on the Microscope,* speaks thus of it: "The famous physician, Quercetanus, tells a strange story of a Polonian Doctor, who shewed him a dozen glasses hermetically sealed, in each of which was a different plant, as a *Rose* in one, a tulip in another, a clove July-flower in a third, &c. When these glasses were first brought to view, you saw nothing in them but a heap of ashes at the bottom: but on the application of some gentle heat under any of them, there presently arose out of the ashes the idea of the flower, and stalks belonging to those ashes; and it would shoot up and spread abroad to the due height and dimensions of such a flower, and had the perfect colour, shape, magnitude, and all the other accidents, as if it were really the flower. But whenever the heat was drawn from it, as the glass, and the included air and matter, cooled by degrees, so would this flower sink down by little and little, till it would bury itself in its bed of ashes; and thus it would do as often as a moderate heat was applied, or withdrawn." See also *Bayle's Dictionary,* at the article, *du Chêsne.*

313. *Emblems of Taste.*—"Her emblems are the white Rose bending in a graceful curve, over the modest, vale-born lily. It was originally her office to fold the drapery of her native vestments; and to braid the glossy tresses of Circassian virgins. She presided over the poetry of Sappho," &c. *Mrs. Robinson's Sylphid.*

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343. *Of fern.*—The seed-vessels of most species of fern are surrounded by an elastic band; which, bursting by the warmth of the sun, throws out the seeds to a great distance. This operation may, in some kinds, be seen by the naked eye, and effected by the warmth of the hand. See a representation in *Curtis's Flora Londinensis, pl.* 127.

350. *Downy.*—For a magnified figure, and for observations on the down of Rose-leaves, see *Germ. Ephemer.* D. I. A. 8. p. 7.

353. *Aphis.*—That species of vine-fretter, (puceron or tree-louse,) peculiar to the Rose. This family of insects continue daily through the summer to drop their young on the leaves, continuing to breed for many generations without a male. See *Bonnet, Œuvres d'Hist. Nat.* I.

354. *Each form.*—Independent of other use, the animals that feed on plants, or that devour each other, preserve the balance in the works of Nature and prevent the individuals of any of her productions from becoming too numerous. It has been observed, in many instances, that when plants increased, the animals, to whom they afforded sustenance have appeared in an ample proportion.

360. *The radiant beetle.*—The golden beetle *Scarabæus auratus*, and the pellucid fly *Musca pellucens*, are often found on the Rose-tree.—Several insects more particularly frequent this plant, or deposit their eggs upon its bark, or leaves, as *Phalæna salicella, P. pavonia, P. libatrix, P. retularia, P. fimbria, P. betularia, P. forskaleana, Chrysomela bipunctata, Buprestis manca, Cicada spumaria, Tenthredo pavida, T. ustulata, Musca nigra, Acarus croceus*, and the bees mentioned in the following note, with many others. Some derive their trivial names from it, as, *Tenthredo rosæ, T. cynosbati, Cicada rosæ, Aphis rosæ, Phalæna rosana*, and others. The maggot of the *Cynips rosæ* forms that tufted excrescence, called "the bediguar," on the Dog-

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rose and the sweetbriar, and which was formerly esteemed as medicinal; the *Ichneumon bediguaris* is its enemy, piercing the maggot to deposit its eggs. *Geoffroy* mentions different species of *Cynips*, the *Diplolepis bediguaris*, and others which frequent the Rose. See also *Buc'hoz, Dict. des Plantes*, 170.

362. *Black Bee.*—There is a family of these animals, called "The Leaf-cutter Bees," some of whom scoop out their nests under ground, and some in the body of oak, sallow, and other trees: these nests they line with the leaves of the Rose-tree, out of which they ingeniously cut circular and elliptical pieces, while on the tree. Each cell is separately lined and closed with them. The mother-bee makes these nests alone, without assistance, for her young. The *apis centuncularis* of Linnæus, the first of the kind well known, is described thus in *Syst. Nat.* "*Black;* abdomen covered beneath with fulvous hair." Its name is now given to the whole family, of which "the willow bee," that builds in old sallows, is not uncommon in England. The *apis ligniseca* also of Mr. Kirby does great injury to our oaks, and uses Rose-leaves for the lining of its cells. This is the species represented in *Donovan's Insects*, IV. *pl.* 120. Mr. *Kirby* found one nest in an elm, and lined with elm leaves. A representation of that species, which builds under ground, may be seen in *Reaumur*, VI. *t.* 16. and an account of some of these bees in *Kirby's Monographia Apum Angliæ*, I. 156. II. 233; in *Raii Hist. Insect.* 245; and in *Ray's Letters*, 72. *Reaumur* mentions five species of bees, who form their nests thus and supposes there are more. Mr. *Kirby* has noticed two English species that build with Rose-leaves under ground and three in trees.

A story is told by *Reaumur*, and in *Amæn. Acad.* III. 319, of one of these nests under ground, having been discovered by a gardener, who conceived it must have been the work of witchcraft; and having consulted his neighbours, took it to the priest, who was equally astonished; and crossing himself in great fear, sent the poor gardener to Paris for further information.

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377. *Twice, in legend tales.*—Once in *Amadis de Gaul*, where an enchanted wreath faded when placed on the head of any woman who was guilty of inconstancy. Oriana alone tried it with success. Another story is told, in the *Romance of Perceforèt*, of a magic *Rose*, endued with the same virtue, and meeting with a similar success.

The arch of love, in the former work, gave sounds from its trumpet, corresponding to the degree of fidelity of those who passed under it: but when Oriana appeared, the image sounded more sweetly than ever, and "from the mouth of his trumpet showered down flowers and Roses in such abundance, that they covered the ground."

An enchanted flower that discovers infidelity occurs also in *Contes à rire, p.* 89.

387. *The Hours.*—So Raphael has painted them in the Farnesian Gallery.

395. *The Gallican.*—*Rosa Gallica* from being used in medicine, has commonly been called "The Apothecary's Rose." For its medical use, and that of "the Dog-rose," see *Woodville's Medical Botany*, and his authorities. Thirty-seven medicinal preparations from Roses are mentioned in *Schroder's Chymical Dispensatory*, besides what enter into compound medicines, and a dentifrice from the antheræ.—*J. C. Rosenberg* published a treatise, in 1631, called *Rhodologia* containing a description and account of the virtues of Roses, in which he observes, "ex solâ Rosâ integra Pharmacopœia formari possit." See *Germ. Ephemer.* D. II. A. 3. p. 578.—See also D. II. A. 4. p. 26. for a case of desperate ptisis cured by the conserve.—Musk-roses are said to have a very drastic quality: there is an account in *Guillemeau* of a lady nearly killed by them. In the same place, some of the salutary qualities of Roses are described, as well as the noxious effects of their odour, of which there are several notices in medical works. *Guillemeau*, p. 194. See *Act. Acad. Cæs.* XI. *p.* 161.—In the *Germ. Ephemer.* is an account of a man, who was so affected by the scent of Roses, that he could not go out during the season of their flowering. The same is said of Cardinal

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Caraffa, who shut himself up carefully at that time of the year. *Ephemer.* D. II. A. 5 et 6. p. 159. In the same work is also an account of a woman killed by their odour.—Anne of Austria could not bear the scent of Roses, and was even affected by a painted representation. *Reines de France*, VI. 261. The same has been recorded of Fr. Venerio, Doge of Venice, and of the Chevalier de Guise. *Ludricr. Hist.* et *Entret. de Voiture.*—*Ingenhouz* has shown, that the noxious quality did not reside in the essential oil; and enumerates several instances of the bad effects of Roses, as the death of a Bishop of Breslaw, and of a Countess of Salm, who were suffocated by them, and

"Died of a Rose in aromatic pain."

Experiences sur les vegetaux, I. 69. See *Buc'hoz*, p. 180, and *Lemery, Cours de Chymie.* In the Pensieri di Alessandro Tassoni, I. 14. it is mentioned that the odour of Roses so affected the Canonico Annibale Sassi as to excite a bleeding of his nose.

397. *Milto.*—She was the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocæa in Ionia. Her story is told here, nearly as it is in *Ælian, l.* xii. The poverty of her father prevented her receiving proper medical assistance; but recovered from a swelling in her neck by *Rose-leaves*, she became the favourite of the younger Cyrus; and by him was called Aspasia, after the celebrated mistress of Pericles. *Ælian* has accurately described her person, and her modesty and wisdom were no less remarkable. *Plutarch* mentions her with commendation in the life of Artaxerxes, by whom she was as much favoured and respected, as she had been by his brother. A full account of her may be found in *Bayle's Dictionary*, under the article *Cyrus.*

459. *Roseate oil.*——ῥοδοεντι δε χριεν ελαιῳ
Αμβροσιῳ. *Π.* ↓.

"Celestial Venus hovered o'er his head
And *roseate* unguents, heavenly fragrance, shed." *Pope.*

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Maillet says, the first process now used in embalming bodies in Egypt, is to wash them several times with *Rose-water*, which is there much more fragrant than with us. *Letter X.* p. 88.

480. *I too was an Arcadian.*—"Et in Arcadiâ ego," is the inscription on a tomb, in a celebrated picture by *Nicholas Poussin*, which some *Arcadian shepherds* are examining with mournful interest.

481. *Proserpine.*—The figure of Proserpine carried off by Pluto, and letting flowers fall from an urn, was often represented on sarcophagi and tombs, as emblematic of death. Among these flowers, we know, "plurima lecta *rosa* est." A *Rose* is usually sculptured on the top of the pillar which forms the monument of maidens in Turkey, as Lady M. W. Montague has observed. *Letter II.* 194.

490. *Weeping.*—"Deque tuis lacrymis humida serta dabo." *Ov. Trist.*

500. *Pausias.*—"The inhabitants of Sicyon," says Pliny, "began to vie with each other in love for the odours and colours of flowers, from the example of Pausias the painter, and Glycera the weaver of chaplets, of whom he became greatly enamoured, while he strove to imitate her works in painting; and she in defiance, to vary them continually, till it appeared a contest between Art and Nature. And, in this style, there even yet remain some pictures of that artist; but particularly one, called 'The Garland Weaver,' in which he represented Glycera herself."—("Florum invicem odores coloresque accendere Sicyonii, ex ingenio Pausiæ pictoris, atque Glyceræ coronariæ, dilectæ admodum illi, cum opera ejus picturâ imitaretur, et illa provocans variaret, essetque certamen artis ac naturæ: quales etiam nunc extant artificis ejus tabellæ, atque in primis appellata *Stephanoplocos*, quâ pinxit ipsam, idque factum est post olympiadem centesimum." *H. N.* xxi. c. 2.)—In another passage, he says nearly the same thing, and adds that he painted her sitting, with a garland, because she had sup-

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ported herself, when poor ("sustentaverat paupertatem") by selling them, and therefore *Rollin* had no foundation from the story, nor from antiquity to call her a courtezan. *Pliny* adds that the copy of this picture of that kind called *Apographon* was purchased by Lucullus from Dionysius at Athens, for two talents or about 781*l.* 5*s.* sterling. *H. N.* xxxv. c. 2.—Horace may allude to this, or a similar purchase,

"Vel cum Pausiacâ torpes, insane, tabellâ."

Pausias was the son of Bryetes, a painter of Sicyon, and was, as well as Apelles, a pupil of Pamphilus. He flourished about 300 years before Christ. He excelled in encaustic painting, and was the first who executed ceilings and arches in this manner. Some of his pictures, pledged for public debt by the Sicyonians, were purchased by M. Scaurus, and exhibited in his magnificent theatre at Rome. There was also a famous painting of his in the portico of Pompey, representing a sacrifice of oxen: in this, according to Pliny, he shewed himself perfect master of fore-shortening, of perspective, of light and shade: "which many had since imitated, but none had equalled."

Pausanias in his Corinthiacs mentions two pictures of Pausias; one, representing Love having cast his bow and arrows aside and holding in their stead a lyre; and the other, a personification of Drunkenness, in which the countenance of the woman was seen through the glass cup, out of which she was drinking.

509. *The mighty image.*

"Ergo cum primùm, magnas invecta per urbes,
Munificat tacitâ mortales muta salute;
Ære atque argento sternunt iter omne viarum,
Largificâ stipe ditantes, ninguntque *rosarum*
Floribus, umbrantes matrem comitumque catervas."

Lucr. l. 2.

563. *Of York and Lancaster.*—The Rose that goes by this name is considered as a variety of "the Damask." It is beautifully clouded with red on a ground of pure white; and much excels the more

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common variegated Rose called "Rosa Mundi," which is considered as a variety of "the Gallican."—*Parkinson* records the Rose-tree at Longleate, which bore white flowers on one side, and red on the other, previous to the wars of York and Lancaster. The Rose thus styled was the proper emblem of Henry VIII. who united the blood of the two houses on the throne.

574. *From Venus' tears.*—From the tears of Venus, says *Bion*, sprang "the anemone."—*Ovid* changes Adonis into that flower. *Cowley* calls the colour of the purple anemone,

"Of fair Adonis' blood undoubted stain.

And again says,

"Sprung from the fair Adonis' purple tide
And Venus' tears, to both I am allied."

Heliocryse is usually considered as "the marygold." *Sprengelius* says the "helicryson" of the Greeks, was "gnaphalium orientale."

576. *Acanthus.*—The ancients seemed to have styled two plants by this name, one a tree, the thorny acacia of Egypt; and the other an herb, "acanthus mollis" of *Virgil* and *Linnæus;* from the leaves of which, curling round a tile, the idea was suggested to the architect Callimachus of the Corinthian capital.

Martagon.—*Martyn* considers the martagon to have been the hyacinth of the poets. It was the κρινον of the Greeks.

580. *Nymphæa.*—The "Nymphæa nelumbo" of *Linnæus*, now called "Cyamus," and which was also the "Cyamus" of *Theophrastus*, was always adored in India as the emblem of fecundity, from the manner in which it floated and dispersed its large and abundant seeds. Brahma, the creating power, and Lakschmi, the goddess of plenty, are represented sitting upon it. According to *Thunberg*, the nymphæa

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is still held sacred in Japan. The Egyptians substituted their native plant, the "nymphæa lotus," on which Isis is sometimes seen standing; and according to *Plutarch*, the Sun has also been so represented. Their Gods often carry it in their hands, and often are crowned with it. It formed a favourite ornament in their buildings, which modern taste has revived; first in the architecture of the Adams and since, more extensively.—See *Asiatic Researches*, III. 364.—*Sowerby's Exotic Botany*, and *Sprengelius, Specimen Bot. Antiq.* 55.

609. *Daphne.*—Most of this beautiful family of shrubs which ornament the more temperate hills of the old continent will bear the climate of England. *Hanbury* observes, (but more particularly of the varieties of that species best known "the mezereon,") that they "have each every perfection to recommend them as flowering shrubs."

612. *Andromeda.*—In *Flora Lapponica* is an ingenious parallel between this shrub, and the exposed daughter of Cassiope, whose name it bears, 133. It ornaments our mountains, as well as those of Lapland and North America.

661. *Palatine Apollo.*

"Scripta Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo."

662. *Cedar.*

——"linenda cedro aut lævi servanda cupresso."

663. *Ptolemies.*—"These princes" says Mr. *Preston*, "fostered genius and talent with a splendour, expence, and zeal, which have not been equalled by any potentate, who preceded or followed them." They were of course celebrated by the poets, whom they encouraged; and particularly by the seven called The Pleiades of Alexandria. Of two of these, the panegyric strains remain, the sublime flattery of *Callimachus* to Ptolemy Philadelphus, in his hymn to Jupiter, and the courtly praises of *Theocritus*, in two well-known Idylls.

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" Nor from the sacred feasts, where many a choir
Wake to high minstrelsy the rival lyre,
His bards with melancholy steps depart;
But triumph in the meed that crowns their art."

Polwhele's Theocritus.

669. *Toulousian bards.*—Of the establishment of the Jeux Floraux at Toulouse, is an account in the notes on *Florian's Estelle.* The original prize was a golden violet; to which, afterwards, was added a *sweetbriar, (Rose eglantine)* and a pansey. About the end of the fourteenth century, Clemence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse, left by will a fund appropriated to these prizes, which are distributed annually, when the marble statue of Clemence, erected by the gratitude of her countrymen, is crowned with flowers. Florian has made her supposed story the subject of a poem.

The burghers of Paris had " Fêtes" called " Rosières pour encourager la vertu des pauvres filles. Ils donnent à la campagne des *roses* à la vertu indigente, et ils couvrent à la ville le vice de diamans," says *St. Pierre.*

671. *Pontiff blessed.*—The Popes used every year to consecrate a golden Rose, which was usually sent to some favourite prince, as an holy present. One was presented by Clement VIII. to Margaret of Austria, ou her marriage at Ferrara. *Berlenger*, l. 10.—Gregory XIII. sent one, worth 1000 ducats, to the Virgin of Loretto. These Roses were perfumed with musk. See *Numismata Pontif.* 489; and two treatises of *P. Theoph. Raynaudus*, and of *Carolus Cartarus de Rosâ.*

678. *Of flowers the eye.*—See the glowing expressions of *Sappho* in the motto. They are thus expressed by Mr. *Moore:*

" Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns."

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It would be needless as well as very tedious to quote all the passages that show how Roses have been esteemed in every age and almost in every country. Scarce a poet has omitted, in some manner, to pay homage to this plant. Several of the prettiest smaller productions of the muse relate to it, as well as many beautiful comparisons in greater works. The poets of the East are copious in its praise even to satiety. They give its name to some of their celebrated works, as the *Gulistan* (or, "Rose-bed,") of *Saadi*.

In sacred poesy, it has been taken for the emblem of the Messiah. "I am the Rose of Sharon." *Cant.* II.—*Doubdan* supposes these flowers to have been strewed before our Saviour, at his entrance into Jerusalem; which might have been from the season, as they flower in Palestine two months sooner than with us.—See his *Journey to the Holy Land.—Sandy's Travels*, and *Harmer's Observations*, III. 35. where sackfulls of Roses are said to have been scattered, at a procession in April.

Pliny notices about ten species, which are as follow; and perhaps may answer to the modern names annexed:

1. *Rosa Prænestina.*—"Damask Rose." *R. damascena.*
2. *R. in rubo nata.*—"Sweetbriar," *R. rubiginosa.*
3. *R. Campana.*—"Hundred-leaved" (or "Great White-rose.") *R. centifolia.*
4. *R. Milesia.*—"Velvet" (or "Rose de Provins.") *R. Gallica.*
5. *R. Trachynia.*—"Pale red" (or "Blush Belgic.") *R. Damascena, v. Belgica.*
6. *R. Alabandica.*—"Small Dog Rose," *R. arvensis.*
7. *R. Græcula.*—"Cinnamon Rose." *R. cinnamonea.*
8. *R. Coroneola.*—"Evergreen Rose." *R. sempervirens.*
9. *R. Cyrenaica.*—"Musk Rose." *R. moschata.*
10. *R. Spinceola.*—"Small burnet-leaved Rose." *R. pimpinellifolia.* Now considered a variety of *R. spinosissima.*

Rosa Pæstana or "Rose of Pæstum" as it flowered twice a year, was perhaps our "Monthly Rose" and a variety of R. Prænestina. See *Dodoens* and *Parkinson.*—*Cicero* speaks of the Roses of Malta

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(Melitensis) with which the cushion of Verres was stuffed. *Ver.* v. 11. The whole passage is worth consulting.

In modern times, *Parkinson* enumerates but 24 sorts.—In *Meagher's English Gardener*, printed in 1670, are 40 varieties.—In *Boërhaave's Index Plantarum* are 28 species, and in his garden were about 70 distinct Roses "e toto orbe conquisitas," according to *Linnæus* in *Hort. Cliffort.* 191.—In *Aiton's Hort. Kewensis* but 24 species and 48 varieties are mentioned.—*Lee* and *Kennedy* of Hammersmith have published a catalogue with the names of 220 distinct kinds, in which several Wild-roses are not included. In this list there is no attempt at arrangement, or even at giving the proper or the botanical appellations.—In *Andrews's* publication of *Roses*, varieties are confounded with species.—*Guillemeau's Hist. Nat. de la Rose* is very faulty and imperfect. The synonymes in different Floras are not easily reduced to order: and no plant stands more in need of a good monograph than the Rose.

In times of Chivalry, there were merchants, called "Chapeliers," who alone had the privilege of rearing Rose-trees; "et ceci," says *Le Grand*, "explique pourquoi, parmi les anciens droits seigneuraux on trouve si souvent des redevances de *roses*." *Fabliaux*, p. 227.—*Bruss. Tr. de Fiefs*, c. 2. p. 746.

St. Pierre speaks of the united harmony of form and colour, which renders this flower superior to all others. Another French writer uses this expression, "La *rose* est parfaite; elle seule possède tout ce qui qu'on peut desirer dans une fleur, eclat, fraicheur, forme agrèable, couleur vive et douce, odeur suave et delicieuse."

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

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THE

PLANTS.

CANTO II.

THE OAK.

Care selve beate,
E voi solinghi, e taciturni orrori,
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri,
O quanto volontieri
A rivedervi i' torno. GUARINI.

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ARGUMENT.

A wish to celebrate the heroes of Britain.—Freedom.—Climate suited to the Oak.—The arts of agriculture, architecture, war, navigation, indebted to the Oak.—Fate of Tyre.—Address to England.—Oaks of Palestine.—Idolatrous groves of the Jews, Greeks, Scythians, British.—Destruction of Mona.—Obsequies of Varus.—Groves of Gaul.—Dante's grove of Suicide.—Windsor Forest.—Oaks near British mansions.—Songs of the Muse: 1. The Hamadryads: 2. Age of Saturn: 3. War of the Giants: 4. Enchanted forests: 5. Cauchian and Hercynian Oaks: British navigation, and the effects of it: 6. Drake's vessel; Extent of British navigation: 7. Cooke: 8. Perouse: 9. Trafalgar.—Addresses to the Muse, to the author's woods, to solitude.—Reflections.—Insects.—Moss.—Care of acorns.—Use of the young growth.—A wish to preserve forest scenes.—Margaret of Anjou in the forest of Hexham.—Superiority of British Oak.—Different species.—Longevity and size; in Britain, and in North America.—View near the Mississippi.—European settler.—Progress of cultivation in America.—Last asylum of liberty.—Return homeward.—Retrospective thoughts.—Address to Ireland.

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THE

PLANTS.

CANTO II.

THE OAK.

COME forth, my Muse, from the enchanted bower,
Where idle strains have breathed the tale of love:
Nor rose, nor myrtle now should o'er thy lyre
Cast momentary fragrance: graver themes
The martial trumpet and the storms of war
Demand. Oh! could thy song, with wreaths of Oak,
In everlasting shrines of poesy

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Cover the patriot warriors, who have bled
In British arms, then should the harp be struck
With hand more daring, and thy bolder verse
Sail confidently down the widening stream
Of time, responsive to the applauding shores.

So, on the tablets of immortal Oak,
Thy Sister Art endues her glowing forms
With energetic life, and consecrates,
In Fame's delighted temple, the renowned
And glorious actions of the passing scene!

Not thine such honour:—though with distant love
Thou followest the Hero's track, and seest
From thy retired grove his gleaming sword
Flash terror o'er each sea, each hostile shore,
From ice-bound Baltic to the isles of Ind:—
Or where the tributary Ganges yields
His willing waves to spread the conquering name
Of Britain: while the towers of Agra sink
In dust, and from their ashes rise, to seek
Their vassal crowns and safety from her hand,
The obedient thrones of Delhi and Mysòre:—

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Or where the mouldering Ptolemaïs found
Salvation in one British arm more strong
Than citadels, or all the Othman host :—
Or where the wondering Egypt heard the crash
Of Hyperborean arms: the Gothic flags
Catch the fell blasts of Afric, and around,
Sweeps loathsome pestilence, prepared to check
The furies of barbaric war with fiends
More horrid than his own. Ye parching winds,
Breathed from the centre of the burning sand,
Ye faithless coasts, ye deserts, tracked by men
More savage than yourselves, say, with what fear
Unknown before, when Macedonian arms,
Roman, or Persian, chased your flying hordes,
You saw the British chief than Ammon's son
More terrible, engirt with flames and death,
Ride o'er your boiling strands, upon your shores
Come thundering, and all the Gallic flags,
And from their moorings in one fiery grasp

29. *Ptolemaïs.*—Acre. Anciently Ace, or Acon: under the Romans, it was called Ptolemais, and was a colony of Claudius Cæsar. *Plin. H. N.* v. 19. Since which time it has been twice the scene of British heroism.

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The grappled navy tear? What though your sands,
Your plains accursed, your blasted hillocks, (where
Bleak Despotism sits enthroned by Fate
On monuments of slavery) can rear
No freeborn chaplets of enduring Oak,
No civic crowns to shade a patriot brow;
Yet must some tears of admiration fall
On Abercrombie's grave, and, all ye can,
Your ever-verdant palms shall strew the spot,
Where for mankind a British Hero died!

In milder climes, beneath her oaken shade,
Shall Freedom raise the hymn of victory:
The healthy zephyrs playing round her neck
Shall float her tresses wild and airy vest;
Her fair arm balances the guardian spear;
Her hand she rests upon the shield of peace,
And smiles o'er British waves: the pendent cliff,
The forest unconfined, the scented heath,
The living fount that scoops the polished rock,
Are cherished by her smile: her oaken shade
She celebrates with joy; with joy contemns
The gorgeous prisons of the sceptered East,

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The spoils barbaric, and the studded thrones
Where Justice never sat; mean contrasts all
To her enlivening beams and genial day!
At her command, Hercynian forests poured
Their tide of Gothic conquest o'er a world
Enslaved: the affrighted eagle perched on rocks
Byzantine, saw from far the fading form
And crumbling relics of his western throne.
And should again the prostrate liberties
Of Europe wither in the ruffian grasp
Of tyranny, more base than ever Rome
Pressed on her plundered provinces, the sons
Of Freedom o'er the Atlantic waves shall bear
Their spotless virtues to a kindred world,
And marshal all their exiled bands beneath
Her everlasting standard, while thy fleets,
Columbia, and thy happier woods, shall guard
The sole, but mighty refuge of the free!

Nor arctic snows, nor equatorial heat
Can rear the monarch of the hallowed grove,
Whose nervous arms to freedom consecrate
Disdain to spread o'er plumed and languid slaves

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Their salutary shade; disdain to crown
The pathless wild usurped by howling storms.
Climes to the Oak congenial give to man
The elastic fibres of a stronger arm,
And steel the soul with courage to pursue
The stormy wake of glory. On Thracian hills
The warlike band amid their woods prepare
Unceasing war: from Macedonian vales
Fringed by the varying shade the heroes sprang,
Who, emulous of Bacchus and his gods,
Beyond the affrighted Indus reared the pride
Of Grecian trophies; whom the grateful Nile
Adored, delighted with a milder yoke.

By hands heroic from the docile stem
Were hewn the plough divine and rolling car:
So glowed the harvest o'er the virgin earth;
So grew the arts of life; when now no more
The beech, nor Jove's own tree, first nurse of man,
The towering Esculus gave aliment,
And habitation to the simple swain;
When now no more insceptered with his club,
The savage hunter tracks the wood, and rules

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The tenants of the boundless waste; and now
No more in shaggy spoils and trophies clad,
Torn from the lion or the prostrate bear,
Claims kindred with his gods. Then rose the tower,
The battlement and temple; then the steer
Bowed down his golden horns beneath the axe,
And stained his garlands with innocuous blood;
Then, crowned with oaken chaplets, marched the priest
Of Eleusinian Ceres, and with boughs
Of Oak were overshadowed in the feast
The teeming basket, and the mystic vase.
With boughs of Oak was graced the nuptial train;
And Hecatè (whose triple form surveys,
And guards from rapine the nocturnal path)
Entwined with boughs of Oak her spiral snakes.

The grandsires of the forest, who had erst
Sheltered within their hollow trunks the race
Of artless savages, now see the axe
With fiery strokes invade their progeny,
To engirt beleaguered citadels, and frame
The ponderous engines of inventive war,
Such as in thunder rocked the massy gates;

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Or raise the sculptured palace, or impel
With flexile oars the precious barks of Tyre.—

Of thee, oh Tyre, the ships of Tarshish sang,
Queen of the ocean, glory of the earth;
To thee, oh Tyre, Sidonian mariners
From furthest Ormus or from Ophir bore
The golden harvest of the teeming East.
The astonished Atlas saw thy gallant sails
Brave the east wind, and proudly dare to trace
The bosom of the mighty sea. What sword
Defiled thy beauty? and what arm of strength
O'erturned the haughty bulwark of thy shore?
Where are the Persic helmets and the shields
Of Arvad, that around thy ramparts blazed
The rays of victory and boasts of war?
For princes were thy merchants; and thy isle
A gem unsullied. But the roaring seas
Have covered thee. For thee, no cedar masts,
No purple awnings and embroidered sails,
No ivory benches, bound upon the waves,
Nor idly paint the mirror of the deep.—
Daughter of Albion, empress of the main,

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Turn to thy God!—for He hath set a crown
Of gold and pearls upon thy favoured front,
And covered thee with more than Tyrian robes.—
Thee the unceasing currents of the Cape,
The storms of Mozambique, the dark monsoons
Obey, and waft the wealth of Serica,
Of Taprobane and golden Chersonese,
(Known by new names) to heap thy envied mart!
Daughter of commerce, empress of the main,
Turn to thy God;—For He hath girt thy breast
With iron ramparts, and thy loins with strength:
By Him the perilous shoals, by Him the rocks
Were laid, that circle thy embattled shore:
He wings His storms around, and on thy flanks
Hath circumfused the currents of His sea.
Turn to thy God, oh Albion!—For He gave
The patient Oak to waft thee to renown,
And eternize thy freedom in His love!

He clothes the hills, and as a mantle spreads
The waving forest o'er the mountain springs:
He sends the breeze of morn, the dews of eve:
The breeze of morn, the dewy drops of eve

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Unfold the seed and vivify the bud.
For him, the cedar crowned the mighty rocks
Of Lebanon: for him, the lordly Oak
Of Bashan, or of Ephraim reared his crest,
And waved his shadows o'er the vale; beneath
Such shade, the hoary patriarch to his sons
Revealed the mysteries of God; beneath
Such shade, or near the consecrated stone
Of Bethel, or in Mamrè's holy field,
Slept the first mothers of the chosen race.

O happy Israel, had thy sons abstained
From groves unclean! nor hallowed other hills
Than Sion! then had thy melodious harp,
Murmuring her sorrow to the careless breeze,
Ne'er mourned upon Euphrates' weeping boughs,
Neglectful of the songs of Solyma, which erst
The shepherd swain of Bethlehem had taught
Her raptured chords: then had no wanton fair
Deluded thy anointed kings to lead
Orgies obscene to Peör, and the host
Miscalled of heaven!—Lo! amid thy feasts,
Amid thy harlotries, Captivity

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Hath waved her iron scourge. Howl, howl, ye woods
Of Bashan; howl, ye cedars, giant lords
Of Lebanon: beneath each wanton grove
The priests, the idols and the altars fall,
Astounded, mingled, scattered, in a storm
Of wrath. But, as the winter Oak preserves
Beneath the garb of death the living bud,
So shall the stem of Judah bloom again.

Oh! how perverse, who sold to rebel fiends
The gifts of the Creator! who, within
The hollowed trunk, flamen or imp of hell,
Uttered delusions strange, while Greece abused
Treasures her oracles with slavish awe,
And prodigal of faith, adores the fraud
Of lying priests, Dodona's vocal grove.
Or who, when through their woods the northern blast
Howled harsh, appeased with horrid cries and blood
The Scythian Taranis; or bowed around
The central Oak of Mona's dismal shade.—
But heaven confounds the interrupted rites:—
In vain the swelling harps announce the hour
Of human sacrifice, and searched in vain

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For auguries, the mystic stones of death
Drip horribly, and vibrate on their base.—
The flash of torches breaks the dreadful gloom;
Along the strand rush forms more horrible,
Than when Erinnys, with her crew, pursued
The bloody footsteps of the parricide
Orestes. Warriors of Rome, advance the spear,
Advance the drooping sword; why shrink aghast,
Recoiling from the shouts, the whirling flames,
The stole funereal, and the stiffened locks,
Of mortal furies in a countless rank?
But not the golden sickle, nor the stone
Nursed by the adder; not the sovereign herbs,
Or misletoe, or vervain, or selago,
Cherished by Celtic priests, shall save the shades
Of Mona, destined never more to clothe
The and of blood: the avenging powers of Rome
Crush the rude altars, blast the hated groves:
Before the arms, the fires, the gods of Rome,
They fall: the eagle claps his soaring wings,
And spreads the sound from Snowden to the isles
Hebudian and Ierne's sacred shore:
"Drive, drive the axe;" he seems to cry with joy

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And triumphs o'er the nodding trunks; the flames,
The smoldering clouds, in lurid volumes rolled,
Curl o'er the strand and veil the scene of death.

Ye Roman eagles, near Amisia's flood,
With deeper notes your mournful scream was heard,
When, with his shuddering train, Germanicus
Retraced the inauspicious gloom, and wept
With tears of vengeance o'er the scattered bones
Of Varus and his legions; unappeased
For six long winters had their spirits howled,
Sport of the winds around the murderous grove;
The seventh they slept in peace: with fearful vows
Bends Agrippina o'er the rising sod,
And turns, with dismal presage, from the grave,
The blood-dyed rock and awful shade of death.

Such groves in night terrific wrapt the Gods
Of Gaul, where fostering Nymph dared never tread,
Nor Sylvan Deity; no bird here couched
Her wing; no beast here slumbered in his lair;
No zephyr woke the silence of the boughs;
Alone at eve the trembling druid sought

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The mystic oracle; alone entranced
Amid the sanctuary stood, whose foul
Expanse in horrors veiled a dreaded God:—
Such dreaded God, such demon rules the grove
Infernal, which the poet saw, enrapt,
By Maro's spirit led through vaults of fire:
Where deadly venom, from the boughs distilled
In burning dew-drops festers on the sand,
And clings around the animated roots:
Above, foul harpies on portentous wing
Circle the ebon sky, or on each branch
Howl direful dirges; while the dismal shrieks
Echo respondent through the living wood,
Where every trunk prisons the sentenced soul
Of some rash suicide, swift fallen from earth,
To be for ever rooted in the heart
And parching wilderness of hell; a bird
Insatiate perches on each suffering plant,
To rend the crackling fibres, and to tear
The bleeding buds and leaves, renewed in vain.

Not so thy forests, Windsor, freely wave
Their luxury of foliage, where secure

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The stag conducts his timid herd, or braves
The willing combat for the prize of love.
In careless ease amid thy cool retreats,
The thrush and ring-dove unmolested court
The woodman's song, and shepherd's early pipe.
And if of evil aught within thy bounds
Can stray, the Fairies, from their nightly haunt,
In copse or dell or round the trunk revered
Of Herne's moon-silvered oak, shall chase away
Each fog, each blight, and dedicate to peace
Thy classic shade. They save from in-bred worms
The pregnant seed; they watch the tapering germ;
And when the cherished sprout above the green
Shall pierce, they shall salute in frolic dance
The infant tree, and sing the joyful birth,
Quaffing in acorn cups the honied dew.

Not so the British Oaks, in looser groups,
Surround with native majesty the hall
Or ancient mansion, where the joyous song
Of hospitable harmony collects
The Arts, and sister Graces: where the Muse

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Strays unconfined, and to the Naiad chants,
Beside the trickling fount, the tale of yore,
The tale of arms, of victory, or fame.

She sings the mystic flame, that binds the soul
Of Hamadryads to the sacred tree;
Which thence immortal, from the living root
Shall spring, eternally renewed by love.
With renovated charms the guardian Nymph
Still smiles in each reviving bud, and glows
With youthful hope, regenerate and fair;
Still dearly clasping her coëval plant,
Exempt from widowhood and woe, she feels
With joy alternate, and alternate fear,
The showers that cherish and the storms that shake.
Not so can Cybele her aged pines
Restore, nor Pan his fragrant fir; not so,
Apollo, can thy beams recall to life
Thy lovely cypress, though with saddest tears
Bedewed, nor all thy cedar groves; not so
His desolated vines can Bacchus save,

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Nor Victory resuscitate her palm.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

She sings the race Saturnian, who at once
Burst from the centre of the rifted trunk,
Mature; and, as maternal nourishment,
Sought in the boundless woods their acorn food;
Ere yet in Ida's shade, the youthful Jove
Had grown to sovereign power, ere yet he filled
With fruits unknown the Amalthëan horn,
And showered abundance o'er the industrious plough.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

She sings Porphyrion, and his serpent crew,
Who tore the ancient forests from the earth
Convulsed, and hurled them, in invading storms
Of roaring fire, against the throne of Jove:
Amid the desolation, unappalled
Stood Hercules; and with one giant branch
Rived from a flaming Oak, dashed Eurytus
Blaspheming from the clouds: so shall the fiends
Of Gaul in vain their poisoned serpents writhe,
And urge in vain a thousand armed hosts,

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Rapacious to devour the verdant isles
Of Britain; who unaided guards the rock
Of Freedom, and alone sustains the world.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

She sings enchanted forests, where the stem
Shrunk from the axe, and uttered human groans,
Or bled profuse beneath the daring blow.
Why fade those scenes beloved by chivalry,
Where strayed with happy steps the Tuscan Muse,
Or he, who for Ferrara's duke, attuned
The magic chords of fancy? why fade the shades
Of Ardenne, whose immeasurable woods
Teemed with adventures perilous? no lance,
No crested mail affrights the haunted grove;
No panting damsel on her palfrey flies;
No bleeding knight uplifts the battered helm;
No fountains play by fairy hands enriched
With miracles of art; and love in vain
Shall seek the blessèd and lethean draught,
To quench the fever of a hapless flame.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

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She sings the Oaks that in the Cauchian seas
Embraced the floating soil, and bore amain
On vegetating rafts a moving isle;
And those, whose monstrous roots upreared in air,
Seemed living temples for the Sylvan Gods,
And in their caverns hid the savage herds,
Hercynian wolves and bears.—But, above all,
She sings the pride of Britain, that conveys
O'er yielding seas, the germs of liberty
And wealth; or wafts to southern isles remote
The arts of peace: a foreign world amazed
Sees novel harvests gild the coral strand,
In shade o'ercanopied by regal palms;
Fanned by whose leaves bask European herds,
And painted parrots mock the British fowl.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

She sings the relics of that sainted bark,
That first divided with its daring prow

389. *Sainted bark.*—The relics of Sir Francis Drake's ship, "The Golden Hind," long hung up at Deptford, were at last converted into a professor's chair, which is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, accompanied by an inscription of Cowley's, in Latin and in English verse.

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Earth's circumambient waves ; and decked the throne
Of great Eliza with the spoil of shores
Unknown, but by their conquest. Thence, the lay
Tells of the thunders and unrivalled fleet
Of Britain, envied by the gazing world,
Known to an hundred seas, upon whose flag
The circling day shall shine in all his course ;
Where'er he rises shall her gallant flag
Salute the orient beam ; where'er he sets
Her flag shall flutter in the evening breeze,
From Scandinavia to the golden strand
Of Afric; from the thousand isles, that crown
With tufted groves the bosom of the vast
Pacific, to the rich and perfumed bays
Of Araby, or India, or the seas
Where winter sits eternally enthroned
On glittering ruins, and fantastic mounts,
The mighty barriers of each frozen pole.
The Dryads and the Fauns repeat the strain.

'Tis then she heaves the recollective sigh,
Melting in softer notes the broken lay.—
For after all thy patient labours done,
For after all thy deeds of social love,

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O virtuous navigator, son beloved
Of Britain, after all thy glorious race,
No friends sustain thee to an honoured grave!
No kindred mourners thy loved corpse inhume!
A savage hand, amid thy great career,
Tore thee from manhood and thy country's arms,
And left thee mangled on a barbarous shore,
O virtuous navigator, son beloved
Of Britain, who explored, with dauntless aim,
The mighty barriers of each frozen pole!
The weeping Nereïds shall repeat the strain.

Nor doth the melancholy lay forget
The more unhappy rival of thy course,
Though by no British Oaks securely borne,
Humane Perouse; who many a tear had shed
For loss of his wrecked mariners, or ere
The cannibals of some accursed isle
Had feasted on his blood: yet he himself
Was gentle as the freshening breath of heaven,
Which mildly plays upon a sultry shore,
And cools the purple mist of closing day.
The weeping Nereïds shall repeat the strain.

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But louder notes resume the broken lay;
Such as amid the desolating storm
Were heard, when Victory bedewed her palms
At Tràfalgar with tears: enraged, the Sea
In mountains rolled around her Hero's bier,
Poured the conflicting tempest, winged with death;
She woke the Furies of the deep, prepared
To celebrate in watery obsequies,
The direful sacrifice of all his foes:
But British Virtue, with a nobler aim,
Soothes the congenial spirit of her friend;
And snatching from the grasp of ruin, bears
His struggling enemies in triumph o'er
The waves' reluctant foam; nor heeds the shock
Of seas and winds nor Terror's howling form,
When Pity leads her through the wreck of night.
The wondering Nereïds shall repeat the strain.

Thus Muse with thee, or at the trickling fount,
Or in the silent glen, may I rehearse
The ever-varying magic of thy song;
And oft with thee, beneath these cherished Oaks,
Admire the mossy vesture of the stem

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Embossed, the leaves that whisper to the breeze,
The chequered image floating on the grass;
And may Content and Peace with thee entwine
A wreath of humble violets! with thee
May come a gentle Love, his bow unstrung,
His wings unruffled, and his arrows pure,
Washed from all poison in the Aönian fount.

Ye cherished Oaks, for ages may your shade
Teach each succeeding race (if haply mine,
Or if a race unknown protect your reign)
The lessons of content! ye oft shall see
The fleeting generations, like your leaves,
Decay and vanish at the touch of time;
Shew them how vain the transitory hours,
That steal our lives with downy pace away,
And leave us nothing we can call our own,
But one poor shroud, and one pacific grave.
Teach them to look to that celestial fount,
Whence sprang the living soul, and in his works
Revere the fostering Lord of nature, who

469. *Like your leaves.*—Οιη γαρ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.

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In love created all the harmonic maze
Of worlds, reflection of the eternal mind.

Here Contemplation gives her soul to thee,
O Solitude! in whose seductive arms
The cares, the pains of life, are lulled to ease,
As when the Furies felt the drowsy snakes
Uncurl their heads, and o'er the iron couch
Hang listening, while the dulcet song hath charmed
The half-relenting deities of hell.
With thee she sees the patient ivy climb;
The docile woodbine (on the knotted arm
Of some rough tree festooned) bend to the sun
Her flowery coronets, her scented buds,
Or pendent fruit: so should protecting power
Sustain the feeble, and exalt the weak.
With thee she sees the glossy worm devour
The exuberant leaf; the bird the glossy worm:
So pregnant nature guards her vast domain,
In balanced order, and impartial love.

496. *In balanced order.*—See a note on the Rose, *l.* 354.

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Who shall enumerate the armed flies,
That pierce the swelling veins, where, cradled safe
In leaf or bud, the insinuated egg
Sleeps in the gall, and vegetates to sense;
Or, dying, leaves its tomb, a grateful prize,
To tinge the fleece, or fill the poet's pen?
Who shall the mailed or plumèd insects name,
That track the stem, or o'er the foliage seek
Their pasturage or prey; whom from their cells
And archèd beds, the woodpecker shall drag
To death, or nimble creeper shall arrest?
While o'er the shining leaves a countless swarm
Of patient insects, unobserved, prepare
The honied beverage of golden flies.
Nor, shall the parasitic moss derive
Its nourishment in vain; within its tufts,
That clothe the root, the bedded acorn sleeps,
Till Zephyr fans the glowing blush of Spring.

Ye British swains, let not the acorn fall
Unnoticed, nor to chance, nor vagrant birds,
More provident than thee, transfer the care
Of future forests and successive fleets.

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Save, from the wandering swine, or nimble grasp
Of squirrel, or wood-pigeon's glancing eye,
*Some precious seeds: high o'er their winter beds *
Raise the trenched earth, which from the prowling mouse
Shall hide till Spring the sylvan treasury.
Or, if the stem indigenous and root
Entire shall please thee more, within the clean
And mouldering furrow cast thy country's hope;
But ne'er abandon till the hardy stem
Braves the concurrent weeds, and nibbling hare.
*Soon the superfluous growth shall overpay
Thy pious care: the roof, the wattled pen,
Protect the shepherd, and preserve the flock:
While cheerful faggots blaze; whose summer vest
Astringent shall contract the supple hide.

Nor let the plough insult the hallowed shade,
Where Memory loves to trace the historic deed
Of days remote and chivalrous. Long may
The remnant, Britain, of thy forest scenes
Inspire the meditating bard, or fill
The painter's eye with nature's bold design;
Such as Salvator would have marked with iron

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And gaunt banditti, near the foaming lapse
Of cataracts, that o'er the sombre rock
Have cast the headless and uprooted Oak:
Or such, as after Hexham's bloody field
Received the flight of royal Margaret.

Shall Fame not guard the sacred shelter, where
She would have rested 'gainst the swelling base
Of some huge tree, whose twisted arms above
Creak in the melancholy breeze?—The shouts,
The interrupted clangors of the war,
Have slept; or faintly echo in the wind:
The wind alone pursues her. She hath felt
Ambition's dream dissolve; a queen no more,
The friendless woman wakens to herself.
As some poor mariner who sees his all
Gulphed in the thundering billows, and alone
Emerges naked, shipwrecked of her hopes
She stands. One precious object yet remains;
Clasped in her arms, abandoned by the world,
The tender prince his sinking head reclines,

545. *Margaret.*—The story is told here nearly as in *Prevôst's* romance of *Margaret of Anjou*, but its foundation is perfectly historic.

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Safe only now upon a mother's breast.
On him her eyes are bent; for him alone
She breathes; for him alone her bosom heaves
With new affright, when, as the placid moon
Through melting clouds arising whitens half
The forest, she descries a waving helm
Move near the grass; another casque appears;
The whispered challenges, the clashing swords
Advance; in the grasp of robbers are the arms
That wielded puissant sceptres, and controlled
Two valiant nations in the bonds of fear.—
Thy spoils, the number of thy radiant gems,
That in the moon-beams glitter o'er thy front,
That heave upon thy palpitating breast,
That vainly clasp thy arms, and on thy waist,
As round an holy sanctuary, shine,
May save thee: for the ruffian band are mixed
In desperate conflict for the wondrous prize,
Too rich to be contentedly enjoyed,
Or shared in amity. The captive queen,
Unnoticed, rushes through the darker brake;
The scanty remnant of a regal vest
Yields to the tangled thorns, that mark her way

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In blood; while in her arms the exhausted prince,
No longer equal to the lengthening toil,
Is borne. Now darker grows the fearful wood,
And silent: now again, the opening boughs
Disclose the relics of a blasted trunk,
Unheeded, for opposed a gleaming sword
Breaks from the shadows of the further grove.
Raised o'er her head she sees the murderous blade,
The hand that bears it dyed in recent gore.
Shall terror drink the soul of Margaret?
Her son, her Henry rushes to her mind;
The mother's agony restores the queen:
Majestic was the voice, majestic all
The rising form, as thus unawed she spake:
"Thy king commands thee, friend, to save his son."
The villain's arms are fallen; unnerved his knee
Is bowed upon the earth; subdued he clasps
The precious burthen of his country's hope:
A desperate outlaw leads the way, and guards
The path of safety for his monarch's child:
Behind, proud Margaret, to enchain his fear,
Seized in her grasp undaunted bears his sword.

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By fortune tutored and by courage led,
Proud Margaret in a robber's mouldering hut
Begs hospitality. The forester
Shall oft rehearse the deed, and point the spot
Where Margaret in her grasp undaunted seized
A ruffian's falchion, and commanded him
Whom laws had never swayed, nor all the arms
Of Justice. Long may such ennobled spots
Preserve the sacred forests of the isle
From violation: or the axe alone
Be sharpened at the call of Liberty,
To rear her ramparts o'er the vassal waves.

Not Lithuania nor the swampy wilds
Of transatlantic forests can supply
The elastic fibre, and the stubborn limbs
Of British growth. Let others wave their leaves
For *ever verdant*, or with rival thorns

622. *Ever verdant.*—The European Oaks, which are evergreen, are *Quercus Ilex*, and its varieties; *Qu. suber* and *Qu. coccifera*. Several American species are also evergreen; as well as *Qu. ballota* of Africa, and *Qu. molucca* of the East Indies.

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O'erpower the *holly*, or cast off mature,
The natant volumes of their spongy vest:
Let others emulate with glaucous boughs
The bending *willow*, or in *scarlet* robes
Brave the autumnal gale: thy swains, Castille,
May love the sweetness of their scaly fruit,

623. *Holly.*—" The holly-leaved Oak," *Quercus Gramuntia*, is generally considered as a variety of *Qu. Ilex.*

624. *Spongy vest.*—" The cork-tree," *Quercus suber*, a native of the South of Europe, that casts its spongy bark after a certain number of years.

626. *Willow.*—" The willow-leaved Oak," *Quercus phellos*, a native of North America.

Scarlet.—" The red Oak, " *Quercus rubra*, a native of Virginia and Carolina; of which, " the scarlet Oak," *Quercus coccinea*, is usually accounted a variety. " The leaves continue their verdure very late in autumn, so that unless hard frost comes on early, they do not fall till near Christmas; before which, they change their colour, and become red." *Hunter's Evelyn.*

628. *Scaly fruit.*—" The small prickly-cupped Oak," *Quercus Esculus*, a native of Spain, whose acorns are good food, and used by the peasantry.—" The great prickly-cupped Oak," *Quercus Ægilops*, is also a native of Spain, and has cups still more scaly; but the acorns are not so edible as those of the former: they are, however, very useful in dyeing, and known in commerce by the name of *Velani*, a corruption of the Greek Βαλανος.

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Valentia from the living grain exude
* The *crimson* drop, and emulate the dyes
Of Mexico: let the red hunter sleep
* Beneath his mighty *hemisphere* of boughs
Secure, where on the waving summit sits
The watchful pelican, and sees from far
Alatamaha roll his peaceful waves:
We would not rob you of your natal shade,
Ye wandering nations of the western world,
To rule with foreign hulls the subject main.
To thee the sovereign trident of the seas
Belongs, O daughter of the British grove,
To thee the everlasting care to shield
From ruffian arms the nymphs of Albion.
Less honoured, to the Colchian shores were sent,
With heroes daring as thy own, the beams
* With human voice endowed, though Jove's decree
Translate Dodona's vessel to the skies.

630. *Crimson.*—The insect from which was obtained the original *crimson* dye, feeds on "the Kermes Oak," or *Quercus coccifera.* See note.

632. *Hemisphere.*—*Quercus virens,* usually called "the Live Oak;" but sometimes "the Hemispherical." See note.

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Less honoured were the trees of Cybele,
That bore the fathers of the Alban race
From wooded Ida to the Latian strand;
Now nymphs immortal, who with pearly shells
Braid on the Tuscan shore their golden locks.

Imperial Oak, a cottage in thy shade
Finds safety, or a monarch in thy arms:
Respectful generations see thee spread
Careless of centuries: e'en in decay
Majestic, thy far-shadowing boughs contend
With time: the obsequious winds shall visit thee,
To scatter round the children of thy age,
And eternize thy latest benefits.
Such, or at Cowthorpe, or in Greendale, stood
The fathers of the forest: such, again,
The wondering woodman to the farthest West
Removed, or on Ohio's silent bank
Surveys, or where the swift Missouri leaves

650. *Now nymphs immortal.*—Æn. ix. 80.—
and Æn. x. 220. . . . "Nymphæ, quas alba Cybele
Numen habere maris, nymphasque è navibus esse
Jusserat."——

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His central woods and solitudes, to skirt
Some vast Savannah, and with tribute swell
The mighty father of the western floods.

An antique branch, (that frowns above the waste,
Or shades some nameless hill) may bear him high,
To view the mighty father of the floods
Convey an hundred rivers to the main,
Proud of their spoils, and in his swelling waves
Trail floating forests from their mouldering banks
O'erthrown: he hears no innovating axe,
Nor sees strange harvests blossom in the wild,
Save where some scattered huts, in far-sought peace,
Protect the European wanderer; whose fields,
Maize or tobacco, like infrequent specks,
Mark the continuous vestment of the plain.

Oft shall the European wanderer lay
His wearied axe aside, and on a trunk
Reclined, shall meditate his former haunts;
The social green; the sunny path, well trod

667. *Father.*—The word *mississipi*, in the language of the natives, signifies "the great river."

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By holiday and childish sport; the bench,
Where sat, at many a comic sally pleased
And at the gambol laughed, indulgent age;
The pebbled brook by boyish freaks endeared,
The mower's tale beside the hawthorn clump,
The evening dance beneath his native elms,
The sweet bells of his smiling hamlet, now
Borne by no winds to his expectant ear;
The flower-strewed sod, that o'er a mother's grave
He bound with twigs, and kissed, or ere he turned,
Never again to see the ivied tombs
In which his forefathers so peacefully
Have slept.—And must he die, and leave his babes
Without a friend to forage in the wilds?
And must the feeble partner of his pain
With smiles no more, as once she could, console
His sickening heart? shall climes ungenial mine,
Shall noxious damps unnerve her fading form,
And slow disease consume?—The silent wood
Surrounding bars each hope that should restore
His soul to social comfort, and the dear
Regretted habitudes of life. Each tree
Frowns like a giant, and forbids his arm

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To rest, and urges to incessant toil.
The tyrant Labour gives no hour of ease;
But Slavery self-bought, cheerless Regret,
And Fear, with baleful omens, hover round.
And whither shall he migrate? still the woods,
Successive, close o'er his devoted head,
Foretell his woes, and doom him to despair:
They wake no grateful memory of days
More joyful, and affection's cloudless dawn;
For him in vain, amid the beams of morn,
The tender foliage plays; for him in vain
The woods at eve each beauteous tint divide,
And mellow into varying shades each mass
Of lovely green: in vain the artless Vine
Weaves with Bignonias her empurpled roof,
Her spiral stems, and pendent canopies:
Nor the gay flower he sees, nor gayer bird
In emerald plumes arrayed and ruby crest:
For ever blind to the surrounding scene
Of beauty, he perceives a boundless zone
Of Solitude, a barren waste of trees:
Oh! how unlike the trees, that on the brink
Of some regretted stream, in early years

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He planted ; and beheld them with his growth
Grow vigorous, and cherished by his love !

Ye climates, that receive the restless tide
Of bold adventure, let the social arts
Of Peace be yours, awakened by the dawn
Of Liberty : so, may your scattered huts
Protect the germs of future states, your woods
Yield to the ceaseless labours of the plough,
And from their ashes soon arise the wealth
Of growing nations, whose impatient sails
May whiten all the rivers of their vast
And rich domain ; while rising towns admire
Their quays reflected in the lucid wave,
Where Commerce piles her ever-changing mart,
The shrine of wealth. And on the neighbouring sides
Of mountains, clad in their perennial robes,
May *white Oaks* shade the cherished springs, which catch
The constant tribute of the evening cloud ;

746. *White Oaks.*—*Quercus alba*, one of the commonest Oaks of America, and an inhabitant of the mountains. More than one species goes by the name of " White Oak," in America. See *Michaux.*

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Below, the delicate acacia bow
Her winged leaves, and rich magnolias rear,
In clustering groves, their prouder coronets:
For Industry should teach the bolder banks
To nurse their precious shade, and to preserve
Whate'er of useful, or of beauteous, clothes
Their ample sides. So Liberty again
May crown with wreaths of Oak the arms that guard
The last asylum of her western flight:
And breathe revived on Apalachian hills,
And from Ontario spread her joyous reign
To damp Honduras, or the furthest rocks,
That frown o'er California's winding gulf.

From Greece, and all the desolated groves,
That mourned o'er Tuscan or Iönian shores,
She fled, and sought in vain with northern hordes
New haunts; or in Helvetian vales; or where
Hercynia saw her woods recede, and melt
In the surrounding scene of wealth; or where
Sarmatia, bleeding by licentious swords,
Wept for her sons, with foreign tyrants leagued,
Or vainly struggling in their country's wreck;

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Or where the frantic Gaul adored a false
And prostituted image, idly styled
The form of Freedom, on whose altars bled,
Mid stifled groans, an hundred hecatombs
Of human victims.—Check thy rash career
O Muse! and homeward turn thy steeds fatigued,
Court the refreshing murmur of thy streams,
Thy native shades, where Liberty still holds
Her jealous reign, and listens to the songs
Of Hope; where, o'er the windings of the rock
Leaps the re-echoing torrent, or its foam
Whirls round beneath the towering cliff, whose brow
The vivid holly overpeers, and waves
The birch, in woodbine fillets hung, her buds,
Her purple sprays, and silver arms above.

Here, on an humble seat, unseen, beneath
Yon ivied rock, or where the russet thatch
Shelters an artless hut, let me retrace
The dream of life; or, if that dream arouse
The melancholy train of phantoms doomed
To haunt the restless circle, sadly trod
By human recollection, let me awake

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The Genius of the wood; with him restore
The memory of lapsed ages; see the wolf,
Sole tyrant of the forest, from his lair
Spring to the chase, and on the heathy rock
Arrest the panting fawn; behold again,
Around the blazing heap, a naked band
Consume the monstrous elk, by savage wiles
Ensnared; or image scenes, where Danish swords
Have dyed the stream in blood; or where the lone
And patient anchorite hath told his beads,
While yet the woods of Erin could enshroud
Her thousand saints.—Why, Erin, are thy hills
Unclad, thy mountains of their robes bereft?
Shall the cold breeze, unchecked, pour o'er thy plains
For ever? has the fiend of Discord chased
Thy ancient Dryads to some peaceful shore
Remote, and left thee bare and desolate?
In vain the British Oak shall plough the sea,
Protector of thy liberties, if thou
Neglect with lenient hand to bind thy wounds.

Then may thy happier scenes revive, and all
Thy sylvan nymphs and deities return,

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The sacred woods above thy rivers bend,
And grateful harps, upon Lagenian hills,
Or where the Atlantic or the northern main
Swells in the bosom of thy winding bays,
Record the living Oak: thy sons, no more
Clear the dark wilderness of western worlds,
Or bathe their restless hands in kindred blood;
While Commerce shall unfurl her social sails
To every wind, circling from every sea
Thy verdant shores secure; and Fame adorn
With civic wreaths the guardians of thy peace.

815. *Lagenian.*—Of Leinster.

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NOTES.

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NOTES

ON

THE OAK.

13. *So, on the tablets of immortal oak.*—Many of the old masters, both Flemish and Italian, painted upon oak. Raphael preferred larch. The durability of these two sorts of wood is mentioned together by *Homer*, if πευκη, as is probable, signifies the larch;

Ἡ δρυος, ἠ πευκης, το μεν ἐ καλαπυθεται ὀμϐρῳ.

as is observed by the experienced Nestor in *Il.* Ψ. 328.

89. *Can rear.*—" Let the industrious," says *Evelyn*, in his *Sylva*, " consult that whole tenth chapter in the second book of *Vitruvius*, where he expressly treats of this argument, *de Abiete supernate et infernate, cum Appennini descriptione;* where we note concerning the oak, that it neither prospers in very hot nor excessive cold countries; therefore there is little good to be found of it in Africa, or indeed the lower and most southern parts of Italy, (but the Venetians have excellent timber) nor in Denmark or Norway, comparable to ours, it chiefly affecting a temperate climate."

100. *Fringed by the varying shade.*—The ancients reckoned four species of oak in Macedonia. See *Budæus's Notes on Theophrastus.* The whole country to the north of Greece was celebrated for its oaks.

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The Chaonian acorns, "Chaonii patris glandes," were the produce of Epirus, which was ornamented by the woods of Dodona.

106. *Plough divine.*—The handle of the plough, described by *Hesiod*, was made of common, and the share-beam of evergreen oak.

——Δρυος ἐλυμα περικυδὲς γυνν. E. 436.

In *Virgil's* plough the former is made of elm, and no oak is used at all.

110. *The towering Esculus.*—

——"Nemorumque Jovi quæ maxima surgit
"Esculus."——

Of this plant the civic crowns were usually made. "Civica iligna primò fuit, posteà magis placuit ex esculo, Jovi sacrâ." *Plin. Hist. Nat.* XVI. 4. It is well known in what estimation these civic wreaths were held. "Cedunt his," says *Pliny*, "murales vallaresque, et aureæ, quanquam pretio antecedentes. Cedunt et rostratæ."—"Nullum ornamentum," says *Seneca*, "principis fastigio dignius pulchriusque est, quam illa corona ob cives servatos; non hostilia arma detracta victis, non currus barbarorum sanguine cruenti, non parta bello spolia." *De Clementiâ*, I. 26.

121. *Then, crowned with oaken chaplets.*—So the husbandman also performed the rites of Ceres, before the harvest,

——"tortâ redimitus tempora quercu."

Boughs with acorns were carried in marriage ceremonies, as emblems of fecundity. *Archæol. Atticæ*, 167. Sophocles describes Hecate crowned with oak-leaves and serpents, in a fragment of his *Rhizotomi*.

Και γῆς κατωσ' ἱερας περιδρὺς
Στεφανουμενη δρυσι, και πλευραις
Ὡμων σατυρασι δρακοντων.

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"Inhabitant of the sacred passes of the earth, crowned with oak, and the numerous curls of cruel snakes." The Fates are said to have been represented with oaken wreaths, as is observed by *Scaliger* in his notes on *Pliny*, XVI. 4.; but the line he quotes from *Catullus* does not seem to be the true reading.

124. *The teeming basket, and the mystic vase.*—The basket of Ceres was exhibited in the Eleusinian mysteries. "Le quatrième jour," says *Gebelin*, "etoit destiné à la procession du Panier ou de la Corbeille sacrée.—Cette corbeille etoit sur un char tiré par des bœufs. Le char etoit suivi de femmes.—Elles portoient des corbeilles mystiques, fermées avec des rubans couleur de pourpre, et qui contenoient du sesame, &c. symboles de la vie et de l'agriculture," IV. 327 et 329, where the mystery of the basket is mentioned, as well as the sacred vases, which the initiated drank out of and carried in the feast. The vase and the basket both appear in antient sculptures.

133. *To engirt beleaguered citadels.*—This early practice may be seen in *Deut.* xx. 20. where the Israelites are ordered not to employ fruit-trees in sieges: "only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down; and thou shalt build bulwarks against the city that maketh war with thee, until it be subdued."

137. *With flexile oars the precious barks of Tyre.*—"Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thy oars." *Ezechiel* xxvii. 6. The Seventy have translated it *firs*; but Bashan was remarkable for oaks, and not for fir-trees.

138. *Ships of Tarshish.*—"The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market." *Ezech.* xxvii. 25. Some suppose that the timber for constructing Tyrian vessels, coming from Tarsus in Cilicia, might have given this

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name to the merchant vessels of the Mediterranean.—*Bishop Lowth*, in his *Notes on Isaiah*, p. 34, says, "Ships of Tarshish are in scripture frequently used by a metonymy for ships in general, especially such as are employed in carrying on traffic between distant countries; as Tarshish was the most celebrated mart of those times, frequented of old by the Phenicians, and the principal source of wealth to Judea, and the neighbouring countries. The learned seem now to be perfectly agreed, that Tarshish is Tartessus, a city of Spain, at the north of the river Bœotis, whence the Phenicians, who first opened this trade, brought silver and gold, in which that country then abounded." *Jerem.* x. 9. and 2 *Chron.* ix. 21.—*Pliny* calls it "Carteia, à Græcis Tartessos dicta." H. N. III. c. 1. See *James's Herculean Straits*, I. 15.

144. *Brave the east wind.*—"The east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas." *Ezech.* xxvii. 26. This passage, together with the preceding expression, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters," seem allusive to the expeditions of the Tyrians into the Atlantic, or the Great Sea; though the passage itself has an allegorical meaning, and refers to the danger into which Tyre was brought by her statesmen, before she was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. May it not be prophetic with regard to the modern Tyre! or the vessel of the state of Albion!

"O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus?"——

But of the British oak it will never be said,

"Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus, et nomen *inutile*."

145. *What sword defiled thy beauty.*—"They shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and they shall defile thy brightness." *Ezech.* xxviii. 5.

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148. *The Persic helmets and the shields of Arvad.*—"They of Persia .....were in thy army; they hanged the shield and helmet in thee. The men of Arvad, with thine army, were upon thy walls round about." *Ezech.* xxvii. 10, 11.—Arvad was the isle of Aradus, on the coast of Phœnicia.

151. *For princes were thy merchants.*—"Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants were princes." *Isaiah*, xxiii. 8.

153. *No cedar masts.*—"They have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee." *Ezech.* xxvii. 5.—The present inhabitants of Lebanon are said by *Michaelis* to give the ancient Hebrew name to the cedar.

154. *No purple awnings and embroidered sails.*—"Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy *sail;* blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee." *Ezech.* xxvii. 7.—Instead of *sails, Archbishop Newcome* translates it *standards.* Elishah, is the same as Hellas, or Peloponesus, celebrated for its purple; the original word signifies *coasts*, as well as *isles.*

155. *No ivory benches.*—"The company of Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim." *Archbishop Newcome* translates the passage, "ivory, inlaid with box."

——"Quale per artem
Inclusum buxo, aut Oricià terebintho,
Lucet ebur." Æn. x. 139.

Chittim, says *Lowth*, signifies "the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean:" others say, Italy; where there was a people called Cetii; a town, called Cetia, in Latium; and a river Cetus near Cumæ. Chittim was a son of Javan.

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177. *The waving forest o'er the mountain springs.*—There are many instances, in warm countries, where streams have failed, and districts have been rendered barren, by the destruction of woods, which, when they crowned the hills, contributed to collect the moisture, and protect the springs.

183. *Of Bashan.*—The region of Bashan, beyond Jordan, situated between the rivers Jebok and Arnon, was much celebrated for the abundance and size of its oaks. See particularly *Isaiah*, ii. 13.—*Zechariah*, xi. 2.—So the oaks of Bashan are used metaphorically for kings and potentates, in these and other passages, as in *Amos*, ii. 9.—and by *Zechariah* these oaks are compared with the cedars of Lebanon; as well as by *Isaiah*, l. c.—In *Numbers*, xxxii. 4. Bashan is mentioned as a place fit for rearing cattle; and on account of its oak woods, which extended to the sea of Gennesereth, and the neighbourhood of Gadara, it was well adapted for feeding swine; and from this district the great herd of swine, which were probably used contrary to the Mosaic law, were driven into the sea by our Saviour. This place is called Βαθανιας by *Ptolemy*.—*Sprengelius Spec. Bot. Ant.* 17.

——— *Of Ephraim.*—The forest of this name must have been extensive; for in the battle fought there between Joab and Absalom, at the conclusion of which the latter was caught in an oak, it is said, "And the wood devoured more people that day, than the sword devoured." 2 *Sam.* xviii. 8.

188. *Of Bethel.*—There were more places than one of this name. Jacob called both the spots where the angel of God appeared to him by the name of "Beth-el," or "the abode of God;" and at both places he set up stone pillars, as stones of memorial, and also built an altar, on which he made offerings. Deborah was buried at Bethel, under an oak; which from that circumstance was called "the oak of weeping."

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Gen. xxxv. 6—8. Here we see an early connection between a place of worship and a place of burial.—Similar stone pillars to those of Jacob, often accompanied the groves consecrated to idolatry: and they took their Greek name Βαιτυλον, perhaps, from Bethel. See *Lowth's note on Isaiah,* lvii. 6. This place was afterwards famous for idolatry. The calves of Jeroboam were set up at Bethel, and worshipped there. 1 *Kings,* xii.—2 *Kings,* x. In 1 *Kings,* xiii. 11. we read of prophets who dwelt at Bethel; and of the destruction of their calves and their altars in 2 *Kings,* xxiii.—*Amos,* iii. The name of this place was changed to "Beth-aven," or "the abode of the idol," as appears in *Hosea:* and for the explanation of the word "aven," which originally signified "the sun," and afterwards "the idol of the sun," there is a very learned note in *Horsley's* translation of that prophet, p. 102, and also in p. 122.

188. *Or in Mamrè's holy field.*—Here *Sarah* was buried, as well as *Rebekah* and *Leah.* It was the burying place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the last of whom was carried here by Joseph, with a magnificent funeral. *Gen.* l.—See *Gen.* xxv. 10.—xxxv. 27.—and in *Gen.* xxiii. 17. we find that Abraham purchased "the field of Machpelah, before Mamrè, with all the trees about it and the cave, for a place of burial." It is not surprising, therefore, that this place in later times became an object of superstitious reverence: and, in *Eusebius's Life of Constantine,* we find that idolatry was committed under the *oaks* of Mamrè. He mentions also the tomb of Abraham, and the church built there by Constantine; and observes, that the great tree shewn there, as having been planted by Abraham, was a Terebinthine, or Turpentine-tree *(Pistacia terebinthus.)* But *Hiller,* in a discussion on Hebrew oaks, shews that the trees of Abrah ı at Mamrè were oaks, and not terebinthines. He considers the Hebrew *Al* and *Alla* as the oaks, called male and female; and *Allun,* as the *Esculus.* He translates *Elon Mamrè, Gen.* xviii. 1. "The oak grove of Mamrè:"

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though it is sometimes improperly rendered "plain," both there and in other places. Words compounded of *Al*, he derives from "groves of oak," as *Al-paran*. Idols were often made of the *Allun*, as in *Isaiah*, xliv. 14. From this word, appropriated in general to idolatrous groves, came the British *Llan*, affixed to ancient names of places of worship, and thence to towns, as in Wales; from which word, usually pronounced *Clan*, came the Celtic, *Clon* and *Clun*, occurring often in the names of places in Ireland, and sometimes in Britain. See *Hilleri Hierophyticon*, p. 348.—*Celsii Hierobotanicon*, I. 45.—*Brown's Dictionary*—*Nicolaus de sepulchris Hebræorum*, 156. 166. 212.—*Lowth's note on Isaiah*, i. 29.

191. *From groves unclean.*—"Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there upon the name of the Lord." *Gen.* xxi. 33. That this grove, sanctified by Abraham, became afterwards the scene of idolatry, may be inferred from its being mentioned with Bethel, and from the Israelites being cautioned against it in *Amos*, v. 5. In the Mosaic law, the Jews were ordered to cut down all the groves of the heathen nations which they conquered; and they were moreover forbidden to plant any trees near the altar of the Lord. *Deut.* vii. 5. and xvi. 21.—But in spite of these prohibitions, the groves in which they committed idolatry, are mentioned in above forty passages of the Old Testament. In *Hosea*, iv. 13. poplars and elms are named as constituting idolatrous groves, as well as oaks; at least according to our translation. *Bishop Horsley* renders the passage thus: "Upon the tops of the mountains they sacrifice, and upon the hills they burn incense, under the oak, and the poplar, and the acorn-tree, because the shade thereof is good."—By the first tree he understands "the evergreen oak;" by the last, "the common oak."

199. *Orgies obscene to Peör.*—In *Numbers*, xxv. we find that the Israelites learned the worship of this divinity from the Moabites, before

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they entered into the Holy Land; and that they suffered severely for it. Yet to this, "abomination of Moab," as he is styled, Solomon, "built an high place," and worshipped him under the name of Chemosh, 1 *Kings*, xi. 7.

"Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,—
——Peör his other name."— *Milton.*

He was supposed by *St. Jerome* and others to be the same as Priapus, and therefore *Milton* styles his worship "lustful orgies." But *Bishop Horsley* considers Peör as the Artemis, or Περσθυεαια of the Greeks; the Hebrew word signifying "to open."—Baal-Peör, is then "the Lord of opening," or the deity that presides over child-birth; the Lucina or Partuna of the Romans; and, perhaps "the Great Goddess" of the Syrians. This deity, under the name of Selene, is saluted in the *hymns*, called *Orphic*, as both male and female, Σελυς τε και ἀρσην.—*Notes on Hosea*, 117.

204. *Beneath each wanton grove.*—"Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, when their slain men shall be among their idols, round about their altars, upon every high hill, upon all the tops of the mountains, and under every green tree, and under every thick oak, the place where they did offer sweet savour to all their idols." *Ezech.* vi. 13.—There is a more particular description of the sacrifices in *Ezech.* xx. 28. See also *Hosea*, iv. 13.—*Isaiah*, i. 29.—and lvii. 5.

207. *Winter oak.*—"As a teil-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves; so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof." *Isaiah*, vi. 13.—The image is different in *Lowth's translation.* "Yet, as the ilex and the oak, though cut down, hath its stock remaining, a holy seed shall be the stock of the nation."

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219. *Taranis.*—

" Et quibus immitis placatur sanguine diro
Teutates, horrensque feris altaribus Hesus,
Et *Taranis* Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ." *Lucan* I. 439.

Torunn, is the Celtic name for thunder; from whence this deity is supposed to derive his title. *Owen* styles him " *aëri præsidem*," and observes, " eum asperrimis victimis placare, mos erat." *Theologoumena*, 255.

220. *Central oak.*—In Anglesey, the ancient Mona, are still dug up great trunks of oak, relics of these holy groves. "The central oak", was the peculiar object of veneration. *Godwyn*, in *Jewish Antiquities*, p. 75, observes, that a tall oak was the image of Jupiter among the Celtæ; and also describes an holm oak as an object of worship with the Etrurians.—" The modern Greeks," says De Guys, " fix upon some towering oak, and crown it with flowers, and other decorations, under the shadow of which they celebrate their most solemn festivals, renewing the ancient orgies with the same liberties and excess." I. 211.

225. *Vibrate.*—There was one of these stones of divination, at Stonehenge, as well as at many other druidical places of worship, nicely balanced on a pointed base, so as to be moved with a slight weight.

230. *Warriours of Rome.*—The invasion and destruction of Mona, by Paullinus Suetonius, is thus related by *Tacitus*, *A.* XIV. 30. " Stabat pro litore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercursantibus feminis; in modum furiarum, veste ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces præferebant. Druidæque circum, preces diras, sublatis ad cælum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectûs perculêre milites, ut quasi hærentibus membris, immobile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein, exhortationibus ducis et se ipsi stimulantes, ne muliebre et fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios, et igni suo involvunt.

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Præsidium posthæc impositum victis, exciisique luci, sævis superstitionibus sacri. Nam cruore captivo adolere aras, et hominum fibris consulere deos fas habebant."—"Along the beach stood the hostile army, a confused crowd of weapons and of men, among whom ran, in every direction, women, in the guise of furies, with funereal garments and disheveled hair: and around the host, the Druids, venting dire imprecations, with their hands uplifted to heaven, so struck the soldiers with the novelty of the spectacle, that they stood as if their joints were stiffened, ready to give up their bodies to the sword without resistance. Roused, at length, by the exhortations of the general, and encouraging each other not to tremble before a female and fanatic troop, they advance the Eagles, overturn all who oppose, and involve them in their own fires. A guard being afterwards placed over the vanquished, these groves, consecrated to horrid superstitions, were cut down. For they esteemed it lawful to pollute their altars with the blood of captives, and in the entrails of human victims to consult the will of the gods."—A picture, still more horrible, of the barbarous sacrifices of the British Druids, is given in *Dio. Histor.* l. 62. and *Owen. Theologoumena*, 261.

236. } *Adder.*—*Mason*, in his *Caractacus*, has noticed the *adder-stone*,
237. } and the mode of its generation. *Pliny* mentions the superstitious reverence of the Druids, for the oak, and the *mistletoe*, XVI. 44.—The *vervain*, was reverenced by many nations; and the *selago*, (*Lycopodium selago*, and other species of *Lycopodium*,) is still looked upon, with superstitious regard, by some of the inhabitants of Ireland, as well as of India.

245. *Hebudian.*—The Hebrides; the seat of very ancient superstition, and where the rites of Dionusos were celebrated, according to *Dionysius, the geographer*, q. v.

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250. *Amisia.*—The defeat of Varus took place near this river, (now the Ems) in Westphalia, "in Teutobergiensi saltu," styled to this day "Teuteberg," and the scene of action "Winfeldt." Tacitus describes the rites performed by Germanicus, *A.* I. 63. "Incedunt mœstos locos, visuque ac memoriâ deformes.—Medio campi albentia ossa, ut fugerant, ut restiterant, disjecta vel aggerata; adjacebant fragmina telorum, equorumque artas, simul truncis antefixa ora: lucis propinquis barbaræ aræ, apud quos tribunos, ac primorum ordinum centuriones mactaverant.—Sextum post cladis annum, trium legionum ossa.....auctâ in hostem irâ, mœsti simul et infensi condebant. Primum exstruendo tumulo cespitem Cæsar posuit gratissimo munere in defunctos et præsentibus doloris socius."—"They walk over these places of sorrow, as odious to their sight, as to their recollection. In the midst of the plain, in the spots where they had fled, or where they had rallied, were the half-bleached bones, scattered, or in heaps: near them lay fragments of weapons, and limbs of horses; and moreover, the heads of Romans fixed against the trunks of trees. In the neighbouring groves were the barbarian altars, upon which were butchered the Tribunes, and the principal orders of Centurions. In the sixth year after the slaughter, with rage augmented against the enemy, at once sorrowful and exasperated, they were employed in burying the bones of the three legions. In raising the funeral heap, Germanicus placed the first sod, gratifying the manes of the dead, and participating the grief of the living."—*Miss Hamilton*, in her *Life of Agrippina*, has represented that princess attending these obsequies.

262. *Such groves in night terrific wrapt the gods of Gaul.*—See *Lucan's* description of the Massilian Grove. *Phars.* III. 399. 425.

"Lucus erat longo nunquam violatus ab ævo,
Obscurum cingens connexis aëra ramis,
Et gelidas altè summotis solibus umbras.
Hunc non ruricolæ Panes, nemorumque potentes

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Sylvani, nymphæque tenent; sed barbara ritu
Sacra deûm, structæ diris altaribus aræ,
Omnisque humanis lustrata cruoribus arbos.
Siqua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas,
Illic et *volucres metuunt insistere ramis,*
Et lustris recubare feræ: nec ventus in illas
Incubuit sylvas, excussaque nubibus atris
Fulgura: non ullis frondem præbentibus auris,
Arboribus suus horror inest."——
" Ipse situs, putrique facit jam robore pallor
Attonitos; non vulgatis sacrata figuris
Numina sic metuunt: tantum terroribus addit,
Quos timeant, non nôsse deos.——
Non illum cultu populi propiore frequentant,
Sed cessere deis: medio cùm Phœbus in axe est,
Aut cœlum nox atra tenet, pavet ipse sacerdos
Accessus, dominumque timet deprendere luci."

Suetonius calls the religion of the Druids a worship, " diræ immanitatis." V. 25. Their human sacrifices are recorded by *Cæsar. Bell. Gall.* VI.: and *Strabo* speaks of their various methods of immolating the victims, *l.* iv.

271. *Such dreaded god, such demon rules the grove infernal.*—This description is borrowed from the Grove of Suicide, in the thirteenth canto of *Dante's Inferno:* principally from the passage beginning at v. 94.

" Quando si parte l' anima feroce
Dal corpo, ond' ella stessa s'è disvelta,
Minos la manda alla settima foce.

" Cade in la selva, e non l'è parte scelta,
Ma là dove fortuna la balestra;
Quivi germoglia, come gran di spelta.

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" Surge in vermena, ed in pianta silvestra:
L'Arpie pascendo poi delle sue foglie
Fanno dolor, ed al dolor finestra."——

The description of the wood at the beginning of the canto is also well worth repeating.

" Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,
Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e' nvolti
Non pomi v' eran, ma stecchi con tosco.——

" Quivi le brutte Arpie lor nido fanno,
Che cacciar delle Strofade i Trojani,
Con tristo annunzio di futuro danno.

" Ale hanno late, e colli, e visi humani,
Piè con artigli, e pennato 'l gran ventre:
Fanno lamenti in su gli alberi strani."

228. *Herne's.*—The original tree may have decayed, but a venerable oak in Windsor Forest is still shewn, as the one frequented by *Herne* the hunter, and immortalized by Shakspeare.

315. *Hamadryads.*—Though etymology shews its connection with oak, yet the Roman poets have used this term for nymphs in general: as *Virgil, Ecl.* 10. *Ovid* makes the Hamadryads companions of Diana (*Fast.* 2.)—he represents Pomona as one of them (*Met.* 14.)—and Syringa also, who was a Naiad (*Met.* 1.)—and he even attaches the fate of a Naiad to a tree.

" Naiada vulneribus succidit in arbore factis;
Illa perit: fatum Naiados arbor erat." *Fast.* IV. 232.

But the Greeks never separate the Hamadryad from her *coeval* oak:

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Ισοδινδρεω τεκμωρ αιωνος λαχουσα. *Pindar.*

"Doomed to a term of existence coëval with the oak."

So *Callimachus* represents Meliè (in the hymn to Delos, v. 80.)

Ἡλικος αχθμαινουσα περι δρυος.

"Deeply sighing for her coëval oak."

And adds in beautiful lines,

Νυμφαι μεν χαιρουσιν ὁτε δρυας ομβρος αιξει,
Νυμφαι δ' αὖ κλαιουσιν ὁτε δρυσιν ὑκ ἑτι φυλλα.

"Rejoice the nymphs, when showers refresh the spray;
And grieve the nymphs, when autumn leaves decay."

Or thus:

"The Dryads laugh, when vernal showers return;
O'er autumn's fading leaves, the Dryads mourn."

In the second book of *Apollonius Rhodius*, an Hamadryad pleads in vain for her existence.

"As in the mountain, with repeated stroke,
The churlish father felled the stubborn oak,
Impious he scorned the Hamadryad's prayer,
And smote the tree *coëval* with the fair.
With streaming tears she pleads a suppliant strain
To that unfeeling churl, but pleads in vain.
'Oh, rustic, stay, nor wound the hallowed rind,
For ages with that stem I live entwined'."

Preston's Apollonius.

The scholiast on this passage relates, from Charon of Lampsacus, the story of Rhœcus, nearly as it is told in the *Spectator*, *No.* 589.

330. *His desolate abodes.*—Virgil observes, that the vine is not to be restored when destroyed by fire:

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" Præsertim si tempestas à vertice silvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
Hoc ubi; non à stirpe valent, cæsæque reverti
Possunt, atque imâ similes revirescere terrâ.

Georg. II. 310.

334. *Burst from the.....trunk.*—

" Qui rupto robore nati." *Juv.* 6.

The " Gensque virûm truncis et duro robore natæ," are often alluded to by the poets, from the time of *Homer*,

(Ου γαρ απο δρυος εσσι παλαιφατ]ες. *Od.* T. 163)

to the quaint age of *Cowley:*

" For men of old (if you'll believe 'twas so)
Born out of oaks, were the first misseltoe."

336. *Acorn food.*—

" Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus." *Lucr.* V. 937.

And so says all heathen antiquity. The boughs of oak were therefore carried in the Eleusinian mysteries, and the wreaths of oak worn in the feasts of Ceres, to commemorate the time when agriculture commenced, and man, more civilized, " glandes mutavit aristâ."—Hence, out of respect to the original food of men, the oak was often worshipped as a divinity. Hence the Greeks used to swear by the oak, and sometimes by the shade of the oak. Hence to express the age and experience of a man, the Greek proverb observed, that he often Διος βαλανον εφαγον, or had eaten of the acorns of Jupiter: and hence, both the *Esculus* and *Fagus* derived their names.

342 *Porphyrion.*—" *Selon Apollodore, (Biblioth. des Dieux, l.* 1.) ces géans, enfans du ciel et de la terre, étoient d'une taille monstreuse et d'une force proportionnée à cette prodigieuse hauteur—ils parois-

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soient avoir des jambes et de pieds de *serpens*. Dans l'assaut qu' ils donnerent au ciel, ils lançoient des rochers, des *chênes*, et d'autres arbres enflammés. Les plus redoutables d'entr' eux étoient *Porphyrion* et Alcyonée." *Gebelin Monde Prim.* IV. 227.

348. *Eurytus.*—" Qui attaqua Hercule fut tué avec une branche de *Chêne.*"—*Gebelin. l. c.*

363. *Ardenne.*—This was the ancient Celtic appellation for a forest. *Whitaker's Manchester*, I. 36. and II. 110. The principal forest of this name was in France, said to have been 500 miles in length, and a part of which still exists. Near the centre of England, was another celebrated *Arden*, which occupied great part of Warwickshire, and was the scene of many of the atchievements of *Amadis de Gaul*, and other knights, as well as of the adventures of *Robin Hood.*

368. *Fountains.*—In the French *Ardenne* were the fountains of Merlin, celebrated by *Ariosto*, one of which excited and the other extinguished love. They seem derived from the Greek fountains of Eros and Anteros.

" Est illic Lethæus amor, qui pectora sanat,
Inque suas gelidam lampadas addit aquam."
Ov. Rem. Amor.

But the Greek Anteros was rather the avenger than the extinguisher of love. A curious story of these two Cupids occurs in *Eunapius's Life of Jamblicus.*

373. *Cauchian.*—*Pliny* says, that on the shores of the Cauchian sea, oaks grew in the greatest exuberance (" maximâ aviditate nascendi,") and that, undermined by the waves, and propelled by the winds, they bore off with them vast islands on their interwoven roots (" complexu

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radicum.") He then relates the terror of the Roman fleets in their encounter with these floating islands. *H. N.* XVI. 1.

379. *Hercynian.*—"The enormous size," says *Pliny*, "of the oaks of the Hercynian forest, unaffected by ages, and coëval with the world, by a destiny almost immortal, exceeds all wonder. Omitting other circumstances, which might not gain belief, it is well known that hills are raised up by the encounter of the jostling roots: or, where the earth may not have followed, that arches struggling with each other, and elevated to the very branches, are curved as it were into wide gateways, able to transmit whole troops of horse." *H. N.* XVI. 2.

So in the Runic *Invocation of Harvor*,

"Where twisted roots of oak abound,
And undermine the hollow ground."

In *Mela*, and in *Cæsar*, *Bello Gall.* VI. are some accounts of the extent and productions of the Hercynian forest. The name survives in the mountains and forest of the *Hartz.*—*Ray* mentions an oak in Westphalia, which served as a citadel. *Hist. Plant.*

430. *The cannibals.*—It is probable that *Pérouse* was shipwrecked, and devoured by the natives, on some of the islands in the neighbourhood of New Caledonia; which, according to his own account, as well as that of the navigators who were sent in search of him, are inhabited by *cannibals*. And though these navigators ascertained a plank of an European vessel in one of the canoes of that sea, they did not prosecute the enquiry. See the *Voyage of D'Entrecasteaux*, published by *La Billardière.*—In all that remains of the writings of *Pérouse*, he breathes the spirit of gentleness and humanity.

500. *Sleeps in the gall.*—The various species of *Cynips*, or gall-fly, in order to deposit their eggs, produce by their puncture, on the dif-

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ferent parts of the oak, those excrescences called galls; and each species forms a nidus peculiar to itself. Some are about the size of a pea, others of a nut, or larger: some are globular, others cup-shaped, or scaly: they are of different colours, as brown, black, or opake-red; they are variously placed, as upon the under surface of the leaves, on the leaf-stalks, or the flowers; some appear on the smaller branches, others on the bark, on the buds, and even on the cups of the acorn. Nor are they confined to the oak; some species are found on the leaves of the beech, the sycamore, and of other plants; and some form cone-shaped excrescences upon the branches of the willow.

The galls most esteemed, are those which are imperforated, and of course in which the worm has *died*. Those exported from Aleppo (and which are rough) are most prized, as those of Comagena were anciently. "Optima Comagenâ, deterrima ex robore." *Plin.* XVI. 7. In *Olivier's Travels* is an account of the mode of collecting these galls in Troas, and of the oak *(quercus infectoria)* on which they are produced, II. 41.

It need hardly be added, that, mixed with sulphate of iron in water, they form *ink;* and brown or black *dyes*, according to the proportions used.

507. *Creeper.*—*Certhia familiaris*, or little bird with a hooked bill, that runs up the stem for this purpose.

509. *Of patient insects.*—The *aphis* of the oak extracts the juice of the leaves, and passes it again through her horns, when it forms the honey-dew upon the foliage of the tree; this the flies feed upon, and the bees collect. It is said, that ants drink it from the horns themselves of the *aphis*, whence Linnæus has styled this insect the milch-cow of the ants. The ancients considered the honey-dew as falling from the sky, "aërii mellis cælestia dona." *Virg.*—See a note on the *Aphis*, in the Rose, l. 353.

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516. *Vagrant birds.*—Some birds of the crow kind occasionally hide acorns in the ground, to preserve them for food; which, being neglected, will vegetate; and this is one of the modes by which nature has propagated the oak.

521. *Winter beds.*—Acorns are very liable to be devoured by mice: but they may be effectually protected, if, as soon as they fall from the trees, they are sown in proper *beds*, and not too near the edge; over which an additional quantity of earth should be heaped to a good height, to remain during the *winter*, and to be taken off early in spring, down to the original surface.

529. *Overpay.*—"To enumerate now," says *Evelyn*, "the incomparable uses of oak, were needless; but so precious was the esteem of it, that of old there was an express law amongst the twelve tables concerning the very gathering of the acorns, though they should be fallen in another man's ground." *Plin. H. N.* XVI. 5.

Yet the ancients did not usually build their ships of oak; but preferred fir, and even alder and beech. *Theophrastus* observes that oak, buried under water, never decays; and that, in rivers and lakes, vessels are made of it, but that in the sea it soon grows rotten. *Sophocles*, however, in *Philoctetes*, speaks of δρυοπαγῆ σολον, "the oak-framed navy," and *Strabo*, l. iv. mentions the ships of the Veneti, built δρυΐνης ὑλης, "of oak timber."

630. *Crimson.*—"The kermes oak is common in Spain, Provence, Languedoc, and on all the Mediterranean coast: on this tree lives the *coccus ilicis*, or small scale-shaped insect, which, when immersed in vinegar, and dried, produces the colouring matter from which scarlet dyes were usually obtained, until the discovery of the cochineal insect of *Mexico*, the *coccus cacti*. The kermes is still collected in *Valentia*, where it abounds: in one district, called *De la Grana*, it has some-

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times produced 30,000 dollars in a year. See *Dillon's Travels in Spain*, and *Hellot's Art of Dying*.—We find the early use of *scarlet* in the offerings of the tabernacle. *Exod.* xxv. 4.—*Plutarch*, in the Life of Theseus, quotes from *Simonides*, a description of the sail given by Egeus, which was φοινικεον, and dyed, as he says, with the flower of the *prinos* or evergreen oak (πεφυρμενον πρινε ανθει εριθαλλε.)—*Theophrastus* says, the *coccus* was called φοινικεον: and Pliny mentions the countries which produced it. *H. N.* XVI. 8.

632. *Hemisphere.*—*Bertram* takes notice in his travels of "the beautiful water oak, *quercus hemispherica*, whose vast *hemispheric* head presents the likeness of a distant grove in the fields and savannahs of Carolina." It is "the live oak," or *quercus virens* of *Michaux*, and other botanists. *Bertram* says, in another passage, "the *quercus sempervirens*, or live oak, with *magnolia grandiflora*, forms the venerated groves and solemn shades on the Mississippi, Alatamaha, and in Florida."—*Michaux*, who attended closely to the cultivation of American oaks, describes and delineates twenty species and several varieties, in his *Chênes de l'Amerique*. q. v.

634. *Pelican.*—The wood-pelican of America is described by *Bertram* as sitting in solitude on the decayed and defoliated branches of a cypress, or an oak, near the peaceful banks of the *Alatamaha*, in South Carolina.

645. *With human voice endowed.*—

"Nec nemoris tantum junxisse carentia sensu
Robora, sed, cæso Tmarii Jovis augure luco,
Arbore præsagâ tabulas animâsse loquaces."

Claud. Bell. Get. 17.

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Valerius Flaccus calls the Argo,

" fatidicam ratem, quæ.....
..... flammifero tandem consedit olympo."

In *Apollonius*, the Argo speaks,

" But speech portentous soon impelled the crowd,
The vessel spoke with human voice endowed;
For Pallas had enclosed within its frame,
The vocal wood, that from Dodona came."

Preston's Apollonius, B. 1.

660. *Cowtherpe.*—This oak stood near Wetherly. There is an engraving of it in *Hunter's Evelyn.* Within three feet of the earth it measured 18 yards in circumference, and close to the ground 26 yards; its height was about 80 feet, and its principal limb extended 16 yards from the bole.

Greendale.—This oak stands in Welbeck Lane. There are two views of it in *Hunter's Evelyn.* At one foot high it measured 33 feet 1 inch, at two feet 28 feet 5 inches, and at six feet 25 feet 7 inches; but these oaks were greatly exceeded by that of Bodmington. See *Hunter's Evelyn.*

676. *Scattered huts.*—" Both houses and fields are inclosed as it were in masses of forest, in which they are swallowed up, and diminish both in number and extent the farther you advance into the woods, till at length from the summits of the hills you perceive only here and there a few little brown or yellow squares on a ground of green." *Volney's America,* 12.

680. *European wanderer.*—" Le bûcheron Americain ne s'interesse à rien:—toute idée sensible est loin de lui; ces branches, si elegamment

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jetées par la nature, un beau feuillage, une couleur vive qui anime une partie du bois, un verd plus fort qui en assombrit une autre, tout cela n'est rien;—il n'a de souvenir à placer nulle part: c'est la quantité de coups de hâche qu'il faut qu'il donne pour abattre une arbre, qui est son unique idée. Il n'a point planté ; il n'en sait point les plaisirs. L'arbre qu'il planteroit n' est bon à rien pour lui; car jamais il ne le verra assez fort pour qu'il puisse l'abattre ; c'est de detruire, qui le fait vivre ; on detruit par tout: aussi tout lieu lui est bon; il ne tient point au champ où il a placé son travail, parceque son travail n'est que de la fatigue, et qu' aucune idée douce n'y est jointe. Ce qui sort de ses mains ne passe point par toutes les croissance si attachantes au cultivateur ; il ne suit pas la destinée de ses productions ; il ne connoit pas le plaisir des nouveaux essais ; et si en s'en allant, il n' oublie pas sa hâche, il ne laisse pas de regrets là ou il a vécu des années." *Talleyrand, sur les Colonies.*

798. *Elk.*—Not only the bones of this elk (a variety of the *Cervus Alces* of *Linnæus)* but also the heaps of stones and ashes, round which the ancient inhabitants feasted, are common in Ireland.

803. *Her thousand saints.*—Thousand, is a very moderate term to apply to the Irish saints when there have been sometimes two hundred enumerated of the same name and family. The reader may consult the Preface of *Colgan's Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, of which only one folio volume was completed.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS.

LINES

IN PRAISE OF COFFEE.

O Muse of Yemen! whose fantastic lore
Delights the natives of thy happy shore;
Could my faint song thy distant beauties seize;
Or, blessed by thee, inhale one spicy breeze!
Then would I string thy pearls in richer verse,
And all the glories of thy plant rehearse;
While the fresh steam my panting bosom fills,
And all its essence through my senses thrills.

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With thee I'd leave (do thou inspire my lay!)
The Delian palm and the Parnassian bay;
With aromatic wreaths my temples bind,
Waving their purple berries to the wind:
With thee I'd wander through the perfumed grove,
And from Arabian damsels learn to love;
Weep for Zuleekha's soul-consuming pain;
Or o'er the desert, track the frantic swain,
Pursued by Leila's image; or expand
The bowers of Irem o'er the thirsty land;
At Mecca's fane triumphant strains prolong,
Or hymn Medina's tomb in plaintive song:
Thence steal unseen beneath the palmy shade,
Where balm-fed gales restore the languid maid,
Where precious shrubs around, with odour fill
The air, that pants above the bubbling rill:
Or when the moon shall o'er thy cloudless sky
Smile, silvering the starry canopy,
With careless step imprint the cooler sand,
And hear thy glowing sea kiss modestly thy strand.

But not the star of eve, the lamp of night,
The acacia waving in the tranquil light,

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The coral shore, the fountain of the vale,
The love-lorn nightingale's melodious tale,
The balm-distilling grove, the cloudless sky,
The courser's fire, the damsel's melting eye,
Havila's pearls, or Saba's rich perfume,
Or all the virtues of Medina's tomb,
O Muse of Yemen! can impart to thee
Such dreams of bliss, as Mocha's fragrant tree!

O happy Yemen! where each gale at eve
Can the light essence of thy plant receive,
And through the verdant grove, each ray of morn
With crown of gold thy opening buds adorn!
Blessed be the pious dervise, blessed the night
When first he quaffed thy nectar with delight!
Felt the rich clouds' reanimating power
Entrance him far above his earthly bower,
His paradise expand to view her charms,
And wrap the enthusiast in his prophet's arms!
From him derived, the precious secret flows,
And Aden first her magic medicine knows:
So sleepless zeal, by superstition led,
Repaid the world the blood Mohammed shed.

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When struggling asthma shall the bosom seize,
'Tis thine, blessed plant, to give the patient ease.
The throb convulsive slowly shall subside,
And the new pulse uninterrupted glide;
O'er the pale cheek returning life shall play,
And slow-reviving strength proclaim thy sway.
So when the Saint, more powerful than death,
Passed o'er the widow's son his healing breath,
The conscious heart with new sensation beat,
And sprang the loved embrace with gratitude to meet.

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NOTE.

A zealous dervise in Arabia is said to have discovered the enlivening powers of Coffee, which he used as an antidote to the sleep induced by nocturnal devotions. The story is thus quoted from *Banesius*, in *Douglas's History of Coffee, App.* 5. "A certain person who looked after camels, or goats, as others report, which last is the common tradition among the people of the East, complained to the religious of a neighbouring monastery in the kingdom of Ayaman, that his herds, twice or thrice a week, not only kept awake all the night long, but spent it in frisking and dancing in an unusual manner. The Prior of the monastery, led by his curiosity to weigh this matter seriously, concluded this must happen from what these creatures fed upon; marking therefore diligently that very night, in company with one of his monks, the place where the goats or camels pastured when they danced, he found there certain shrubs or bushes, on the fruit, or rather berries of which they fed. He resolved to try the virtues of these berries himself, and accordingly boiling them in water, and drinking the liquor, he found by experience that it kept him awake in the night. Ever afterwards he enjoined the daily use of it to his monks, which by keeping them from sleep, made them more readily and surely attend the devotions that they were obliged to perform in the night-time. The longer they continued to use it, the more they experienced its wholesome effects, and how much it every way conduced to keep them in perfect health; and by this means it came to be in request throughout that whole kingdom; and in progress of time, other nations and provinces of the East fell into the use of it."

Some Arabian writers attribute the introduction of Coffee into *Aden* to the Mufti Gemaleddin, who died in 1470, and who gave it to his der-

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vises to enliven their devotion. See *Douglas, App.* 12. The use of it was prohibited by a Synod at Mecca; but the sentence was reversed by the Soudan of Egypt. It caused many controversies among the Mahommedan doctors. The Turks however say that its virtues were revealed by an angel sent from Heaven.

A strong infusion of Coffee has a power, perhaps unrivalled, in subduing the attacks of spasmodic asthma; and it was during such an attack, and in gratitude for the relief afforded, that the above lines were composed.

It need hardly be added, since they have been alluded to by several English writers, that the loves of *Yusuf* and *Zuleekha*, of *Kais* (styled *Mejnun* or the Madman) and the lovely *Leila*, together with the imaginary gardens of *Irem*, are among the most conspicuous subjects of the poetry of Arabia and Persia. The gardens of *Irem*, alluded to in the *Coran* as an old Arabian tradition, have been introduced to the British reader with very good effect by Mr. *Southey*, in his beautiful poem of *Thalaba*.

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ELEGY

TO THE GALES OF SPRING.

Ye animating gales, your powers restore
The lingering pulse of Nature, and unclasp
The glowing buds of Spring, whom Frost no more
Benumbs, and prisons in his icy grasp!

O'er me your wings no friendly balm distil;
I feel you not, or, when I catch by stealth
Your breath, in freshening grove, on heathy hill,
I feel you not the harbinger of health.

But ye are blameless! your reviving power
I little merit! on some happier head
Dispense delight; and your salubrious air
Round those I love, with sweetest influence shed

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SONNET

TO THE WORLD.

VAIN joys, vain cares, and shallow world, adieu
With you I cannot live; for pain alone
Marks each succeeding image as its own,
And gives to chill Despair what Fancy drew.
To one sad point my soul for ever true
Turns slowly vibrating, and torpid grown,
Unconsciously reiterates its moan,
"Vain joys, vain cares, and shallow world, adieu!"
Nor with you, nor without you, can I live;
The tangled insect tears the web in vain.
Come then, with bold adventure, will I give
This breast a subject to thy barren reign:
Here let affections bind, here passions burn;
Swift joys, and pleasing cares, and conquering world, return.

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SONNET

TO CONTENT.

OH! not on earth thou bloomest flower divine,
Content, whom Innocence, with smiles of love
Celestial cherisheth, and doth above
Her lucid front, mid golden beams, entwine!
For not on earth knows Science to combine
Fit soil to rear such flower; and in the grove
Of Athens, sad Philosophy hath strove
In vain with imitative wreaths to shine:
Light Pleasure culls far other flowers than thee,
And fades with her warm breath their painted hue.
Thou, by those rivers where Eternity
Unveils her full course to enraptured view
Of Seraphim, canst breathe alone; and free
From taint for ever shall inhale ambrosial dew.

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STANZAS.

Ah! whither fly?—me, not the madrigal
By Amaryllis to the smooth lute sung;
Nor perfumes from her amorous tresses flung,
Amid the enchanted dance; nor giddy hall
With revels mad and pleasures ever new,
Shifting their fairy guise; nor hunter's horn;
No, nor the grey light of the virgin morn,
That from the wild flower sips the mountain dew,
Delight.—Can Happiness her banners wave
O'er this devoted earth!—Then, whither fly?
To thy dark shores, unknown Eternity,
Lined with the trembling phantoms of the grave?
Ah, no!—Still clinging to the world, my soul
Aghast thy blackening tide sees onward roll.

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STANZAS.

TO AMARANTHA.

MIRA's commanding eyes and dazzling face,
Mira's light froward wit and playful air,
May please, but not engage; while amorous care
Attends alone on gentleness and grace,
Which, o'er thy features, Amarantha, play
Like the gay tulip, streaked with golden clouds,
Fair Mira sails amid surrounding crowds,
Where bending admiration marks her way:
Like the soft jasmine, that to bless the bower
Of happiness and peace, unites its arms,
Dear Amarantha, modest in her charms,
With melting eyes, unconscious of their power,
Around my constant heart, with virtue's hand,
Entwines affection in love's silken band.

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LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIVER AT ROSSANA,

IN THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

DEAR stream, how oft replenished by the rains
Of winter, and by summer heats how oft
Exhausted, have thy lively waters been,
Since first my childhood on thy banks conceived
Its early sports! To chase the dragon-fly
Led by his glittering mail and careless buz;
With vain attempt confine in fairy pools
The eddying foam; or, o'er a mimic fall
Of many-coloured pebbles guide its way;
And on a stone, that mid a shallow bank
Of gravel rose half-dry, with daring feet
Step insecure, and rock the little isle;
Delighted if from thence the speckled trout
Should dart, and turn around the pebbly maze
Fearful of ill; or strive with eager grasp

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To entrap the aquatic spider, whose light feet
Scarce touch the elastic surface of the rill,
Mocking, with agile bound, the fruitless aim;
Or often pilot to the further shore
The crazy bark, or strand it on a shoal;
Then, with unbalanced step, from off its edge
Down topple; and with dripping vest slink home
Sorrowful, and cautious to elude the eye
Of observation: or the ivied tree
O'erturned by storms, and o'er the water bowed,
Ascend unseen. That living bridge, which more
Than half o'er-arched the stream, the hand of Time
Hath undermined, and torrents borne away:
But not less strong its image lives, portrayed
By Memory's fond pencil; yet, it seems
To wave its dark festoons, and yet, uprear
Its half discovered root!—Oh! when we die,
(And that must soon arrive!) shall there no trace
Remain of what we were? no portraiture
Be sadly cherished in some friendly breast?
Shall, with a sigh, no pleasing record say,
"Would that his span had been allotted here
A little longer!"—Yes, it were better night

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Eternal, and the oblivious shroud of death,
Should now enwrap us, than that all around
Should seem to hint that we had lived too long;
Useless and unregarded, as the branch
A playful boy now plucks, now casts away

Yet live, and long shall flourish, when no more
Our eyes shall measure their expanding shade,
These antique chesnuts; and this tapering lime
Crowning the shelved bank: that well-known yew
Shall still be climbed by many youthful groups
Of generations yet unborn,—as once by us.
How little shall they think, when on the boughs
They ride and shout, or in the central seat
As from a throne, direct the busy sport,
That they but act again the early feats
Their ancestors were proud of once; or that
They ne'er shall reach a scene more gay than this
In life's uninteresting comedy!

Not the rich vale which kings might weep to leave
For Abyssinia's throne; not that where rolls
Peneus his cataracts, with verdant shrubs

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O'ercanopied ; nor that, whose perfumed flowers
Reflect their waving beauties in the clear
Orontes; (though the ever-glowing tints
Of poesy illumine all their haunts)
Mark with a trace so durable, or with
Such pleasing images usurp the soul,
As thou, dear stream, whose current intersects
This tranquil valley : the surrounding groves,
The scattered trees, in quick recurrence wake
The recollection of what once we were,
Careless of future ill, ungrieved at past :
In those no recollections live : from Tempe's rocks,
From Daphne's bowers, we turn refreshed to thee,
And cherish thee the more : nor can be viewed,
Without a grateful sigh, the tufted grove,
Beneath whose pendent boughs a mother's care
First bathed her timorous infant ; or the lawn,
O'er whose smooth waving green a father's eye
Solicitous first watched the glad attempt
Of boyish years to urge the tardy steed.

How far from thee, beloved stream, from thee
And peace, my steps have wandered ! the rolling years

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Leave no impression of an hour, like those
Enjoyed (but ne'er to be enjoyed again!)
Upon thy banks.—With melancholy step
I pace thy margin; now no more by sports
Delighted; nor aroused from anxious thought,
Save, when some friendly voice, or gentle smile,
For one short moment may elude the sense
Of ill; save, when the Muse revisits me,
Singing of other times, and wraps my soul,
Borne from itself, in an enchanted dream:
If any dream can soothe a soul depress'd!
For Time hath scattered all the vernal flowers
Of Hope; and, for the past, a barren waste
Hath left, without one cheering retrospect;
And o'er the future, spread an awful cloud
With dubious portents hung; while life's dull lamp
Wavers, and trembles at each passing breeze.

THE END.

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REFERRING TO THE

NAMES OF OAKS AND ROSES

ALLUDED TO IN THIS WORK.

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ERRATUM.

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